

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JANUARY 50 cents

HOLIDAY ISSUE

FEATURING

FIVE PAGE PLAYMATE REVIEW

BEN HECHT

CHARLES BEAUMONT

MARION HARGROVE

JULES FEIFFER

P. G. WODEHOUSE





DONLEAVY



HECHT



DAVIDSON

PLAYBILL

NO ONE, according to Charles Lamb, "ever regarded the First of January with indifference." Indifference being an attitude *PLAYBOY* shuns at any time, we heartily endorse the notion of especially regarding each bright new year with a good deal of shiny-eyed expectation. The First of January is the time when, among other things, we award our annual \$1000 Best Fiction Bonus (in past years, this has gone to Herbert Gold, for *The Right Kind of Pride*, and to George Langelaan, for *The Fly*). This year, something new has been added—a parallel Best Article Bonus, also of \$1000, to the author of *PLAYBOY*'s most outstanding non-fiction of the year.

Non-fiction was lively and provocative in 1958: the triptych treatment of *The Beat Mystique* by Herbert Gold, Sam Boal and Noel Clad; David Dressler's investigation of that strange breed, *The False Confessors*; *Executive Chess*, in which John Howard Sims clued us in to corporate conniving; *The Womanization of America*, that blast against the matriarchy by Philip Wylie . . . these and other crackerjack articles handed us a hard time when it came to deciding what name to put on the thousand-dollar non-fiction check. The name turned out to be John Keats, for his penetrating analysis of the auto industry, *Evos and Unreason in Detroit* (August 1958).

1958 was also the year *PLAYBOY* published, in the way of fiction, a fable by John Steinbeck, a brand new novelette by Jerome Weidman, unusual short stories by James Jones and Jack Kerouac; it was the year of *The Room of Dark*, too, and of *Examination Day*, *The Marvelous Lover*, *The House of Hate*, *Drop Dead* and *The 51 Tones of Green*. The most powerful and most distinctive story of the year, we felt, was *The Distributor*, by Richard Matheson (March 1958). And so the second \$1000 check goes winging Mathesonward.

Determined to top 1958's impressive

array of fiction and articles, we're starting 1959 with a Holiday Issue top-heavy with talent. Popular *PLAYBOY*-regular Charles Beaumont contributes a fine new lead story, *The Music of the Yellow Brass*. Beaumont's first novel, *The Intruder*, is also coming out this month (see *Playboy After Hours*) and has already been optioned by Seven Arts Productions for stage and film versions.

Ben Hecht has written for us an enchanting look at yesterday's pros, *No Room for Vice*. A famous ex-Army private, Marion Hargrove, describes his life as a screenwriter in *Hollywood Horizontal*. P. G. Wodehouse, creator of Jeeves and Uncle Fred, introduces us to some funny folks cast from the same merry mold in *The Right Approach*.

J. P. Donleavy, a New York Irishman now living in London, became famous overnight for his recent novel, *The Ginger Man* (*Playboy After Hours*, June 1958). *The Nation* called the book a "comic masterpiece." *The New Yorker* called it "a triumph of comic writing," and customarily acrid Dorothy Parker called it a lot of things, including "stunning, lusty, violent, wildly funny, a rigadon of rascality," and "a bawled-out comic song of sex." For *PLAYBOY*, Donleavy has written *A Dish of Desire*. It is illustrated by Herb Davidson, a serious artist with several exhibits and a fellowship to his credit, who is making his first magazine appearance with his painting for the Donleavy story.

Party games for this holiday season are suggested in this Holiday Issue, too: you'll find them fun all year round. Fourteen Playmates soothe the eye: Miss January plus 1958's 13 charmers returning for our annual *Playmate Review*. Jules Feiffer gives us a four-page pictorial fable, *The Yawn*, which is anything but that. Add to all this, a Ribald Classic, articles on fashion and food, Party Jokes, a carload of color cartoons: it's our way of saying Happy New Year!



WODEHOUSE



HARGROVE



ANY SIX



of these superb 12" High-Fidelity COLUMBIA and EPIC RECORDS



FOR ONLY **\$3.98** RETAIL VALUE UP TO **\$29.88** TO



if you join the Columbia Record Club now — and agree to purchase only 5 selections during the coming 12 months



- * You receive ANY 6 of these 12" records for only \$3.98
- * Your only obligation as a member is to purchase five selections from the more than 100 high-fidelity Columbia and Epic records to be offered in the coming 12 months
- * In addition, after purchasing only five records you receive a 12" Columbia or Epic Bonus record of your choice free for every two selections you buy
- * You enroll in any one of the four Club Divisions: Classical; Listening and Dancing; Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies; Jazz



- * Each month the Club's staff of musical experts selects outstanding recordings from every field of music... music that deserves a place in any well-planned library. These selections are fully described in the Club Magazine, which you receive free each month
- * You may accept or reject the selection for your Division, take any of the other records offered, or take NO record in any particular month
- * You may discontinue membership at any time after purchasing five records from the Club



- * The records you want are mailed and billed to you at the regular list price of \$3.98 (Classical Selections, \$4.98), plus small mailing charge
- * Mail coupon—without money—to receive your six records



SEND NO MONEY — Mail coupon to receive 6 records for \$3.98

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB, Dept. 739-1 TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA

I accept your offer and have indicated at the right the six records I wish to receive for \$3.98, plus small mailing charge. Enroll me in the following Division of the Club:

(check one box only)

- Classical Listening and Dancing Jazz
 Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies

I agree to purchase five selections from the more than 100 to be offered during the coming 12 months, at regular list price plus small mailing charge. For every two additional selections I accept, I am to receive a 12" Columbia or Epic Bonus record of my choice FREE.

Name..... (Please Print)

Address.....

City.....ZONE.....State.....

CANADA: Prices slightly higher, address 11-13 Soho St., Toronto 2B

If you wish to have this membership credited to an established Columbia or Epic record dealer, authorized to accept subscriptions, please fill in the following:

Dealer's Name.....

Dealer's Address.....213

© Columbia Records Sales Corp., 1959
"©" "Columbia," "Epic," "Epic" Reg. Marcas Reg.

CIRCLE THE NUMBERS OF THE 6 RECORDS YOU WANT —

- Polly Bergen *Party's Over, But Not For Me, My Melancholy Baby*—9 more
- "S Marvellous Ray Conniff and Orch. *As Time Goes By, Where or When, etc.*
- Frankie Laine *Jazz*, 9 more
- Schweitzer—Bach Includes 3 major Bach organ compositions
- Johnny Mathis' *Greatest Hits No Love, Chances Are, Twelfth of Never, I Look at You*, 8 more
- Grafe: Grand Canyon This vivid musical painting has become an American classic
- Doris Day's *Greatest Hits Doris sings 12 hits—Love Me or Leave Me, It's Magic, Que Sera*
- South Pacific Mary Martin and Ezio Pinza star in this original Broadway Cast recording
- Sing Along With Mitch Miller *You Are My Sunshine, Sweet Violets, Don't Fence Me In*—16 favorites in all
- Schubert: Unfinished Symphony; Mendelssohn: A Midsummer Night's Dream Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy, cond.
- Desert Song Rubberg's operetta is still a joy to hear
- Beethoven: Emperor Concerto Casadesus, piano; New York Philharmonic, Mitropoulos, cond.
- Eddy Duchin Story *The Man I Love, April Showers, Am I Blue?*, 12 more
- Dvorak: New World Symphony Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy, cond.
- \$64,000 Jazz 13 Jazz Greats performing *Honeyuckle Rose, Perdido*, etc.
- Mozart: Requiem New York Philharmonic, Walter, cond.
- Tchaikovsky: Swan Lake Ballet Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy, cond.
- Ellington at Newport *Newport Jazz Festival Suite, Jeep's Blues*, etc.
- The Hymnal Norman Luboff Choir sings 12 beloved hymns—*Let Him In, Sweet Hour of Prayer*, etc.
- Firebird Suite: Romeo and Juliet Two colorful scores—performed by Bernstein and N.Y. Philharmonic
- Tchaikovsky: Nutcracker Suite; Ravel: Bolero, etc. Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy, cond.
- Benny Goodman *Let's Dance, Sing Sing Sing, Avalon, Moon Glow*—11 swing classics
- Romantic Music of Rachmaninoff Andre Kostelanetz and his Orchestra play this haunting music
- Ray Hamilton The "Big Voice" sings *Unchained Melody, Ebb Tide, I Believe*, 9 more
- Tchaikovsky: Swan Lake Ballet Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy, cond.
- Front Row Center *September Song, House of Flowers, Bewitched, April in Paris*, 9 more
- Music of Victor Herbert—Faith *Dream Girl, A Kiss in the Dark, Gypsy Love Song*, 9 more
- Rossini: William Tell Overture, 6 stirring overtures and marches
- Frank Sinatra *A Dozen Songs—Blue Skies, The Nearness of You, Mean to Me*, etc.
- Pop Hit Party A dozen hit tunes performed by 12 pop artists—Day, Mathis, Laine, Bennett, etc.
- Erroll Garner—Paris Impressions *Moulin Rouge, I Love Paris, Left Bank Swing*—8 numbers in all
- My Fair Lady Original cast, recording with Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews
- Waltzes of Strauss and Tchaikovsky Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy, cond.
- Front Row Center *September Song, House of Flowers, Bewitched, April in Paris*, 9 more
- Music of Victor Herbert—Faith *Dream Girl, A Kiss in the Dark, Gypsy Love Song*, 9 more
- Rossini: William Tell Overture, 6 stirring overtures and marches
- Frank Sinatra *A Dozen Songs—Blue Skies, The Nearness of You, Mean to Me*, etc.



THE PLAYBOY JAZZ ALL-STARS ALBUMS

VOLUME 2

Just released — 2 12" LPs featuring winners of the 1958 PLAYBOY Jazz Poll / 10 pages of notes, biographies, photographs, up-to-date discographies

\$9



VOLUME 1

Still a best seller — PLAYBOY's first jazz album with winners of the 1957 PLAYBOY Jazz Poll / 2 12" LPs plus 10 pages of complete info on the winning musicians

\$9



send check or money order to:

PLAYBOY JAZZ / DEPT. 128
232 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois

DEAR PLAYBOY

Y ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE • 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

BEAT LIVES

Unlike one of your October letter writers, I hope that PLAYBOY will continue to publish its "angry young man" and "beat generation" articles. As a theological student, I have read this material with serious interest. It has brought your magazine recognition in the neo-orthodox periodical, *Christianity and Crisis*, at our church conferences for college students, etc. More clearly than most of our religious publications, your articles have stated the "existential questions" which the Gospel alone can adequately answer.

George Koski
Lutheran Theological Seminary
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

CHEERS FOR CHASE

Thanks to Travel Editor Patrick Chase for a good tip. I had spent a few weeks in Copenhagen, where the population is not exactly unfriendly, when I picked up a copy of the September issue and decided to hop to Stockholm and try your suggestions. Among other places, I visited the Trianon with one of those "gloriously emancipated Swedish dolls," who was quite flattered by Chase's description of her, when we lazily thumbed through PLAYBOY afterwards. Her only surprise: The Boys and Girls Together Department (*Playboy After Hours*, also September). It was puzzling to her that we should be so preoccupied with "the reason why," instead of the "when and where." On the way back to Paris I met another one, just as delightful, and if I get thrown out of my place on account of a nosy concierge, it will be all your fault.

Herb H. Heller
Paris, France

SEPTEMBER COVER

We in the Varsity Shop have just finished devouring the latest and certainly one of the best PLAYBOYS EVER, the September issue. We enjoyed your article on *The Well-Clad Undergrad*, which was very timely and well written, with good ideas on authentic Ivy apparel. Here comes the rub. Where, oh

where, did you ever get the idea of putting such an outdated tie on the cover of an otherwise well-done magazine? Our only thought was that the cover was a little too short to show a full-length tie and that you had to cut it off. The pattern is good, the width is correct, but we just can't see that square bottom.

Don Rounds, Manager
Hanny's Varsity Shop
Phoenix, Arizona

Having been one of the original readers of PLAYBOY, I study each issue with the interest and pride that comes from backing a winning team. For the first time in all these years a slight shiver ran down my back, for lo and behold, there on the cover of the September issue was a booboo! I can find no way in which that good-looking foulard can be knotted unless the collar of that smart shirt is approximately seven inches long.

Mike Slosberg
University of Denver
Denver, Colorado

The September cover is not an actual shirt and tie, but a fabric collage put together by the PLAYBOY art department to produce an unusual cover design.

DOUBLE PLAYMATE

I have been keeping a portfolio of your Playmates for the past two years, and I cherish it as one of my valuable possessions. How the hell can I put those two October beauties in genuine leather when they are back to back? Next time you have the wonderful idea of favoring us with two Playmates, please, please, put them on separate folds!

Josh Wills
New York, New York

Why drive us mad? A guy doesn't know what side of the page to look at!

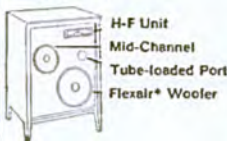
R. C. Rolloson
Crowley, Louisiana

Bing Crosby's boys seem to dig your Playmates the most. Lovely Pat Sheehan, in the October issue, is married to Dennis; Gary has been linked in the columns

Jensen
TRUE HIGH FIDELITY WITH
THE MODERN-LIVING LOOK

Searching for the most in true high fidelity with the modern-living look? It's here . . . the new Jensen CN-100 loudspeaker system . . . styled in small-scaled elegant simplicity. New magnificent "big speaker" bass . . . full, complete hi-fi range for all your mono and stereo listening. Finished in Walnut, Tawny Ash or Mahogany, the CN-100 is meant for your living room. Costs only \$149.50. Send for Bulletin JH-1.

ADVANCED DESIGN 3-WAY SYSTEM



New 12" Flexair woofer gives full bass response to 20 cycles. Special 8" m-f and compression-driver h-f units carry range smoothly to 15,000 cycles.

BF-100 Universal Bass-Superflex* cabinet only for all 12" speakers and systems. 31 1/2" H., 21" W., 18 1/2" D. \$69.50

*Trademark



Jensen
MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Division of The Muter Company
6601 S. Laramie Ave., Chicago 38, Ill.

PLAYBOY, JANUARY, 1959, VOL. 6, NO. 1. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMM PUBLISHING CO., INC., PLAYBOY BUILDING, 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO 11, ILL. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS. PRINTED IN U.S.A. CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED © 1958 BY HMM PUBLISHING CO., INC. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U.S., ITS POSSESSIONS, THE PAN AMERICAN UNION AND CANADA, \$14 FOR THREE YEARS, \$11 FOR TWO YEARS, \$6 FOR ONE YEAR, ELSEWHERE ADD \$3 PER YEAR FOR FOREIGN POSTAGE. ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES AND ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR CHANGE. ADVERTISING: MAIN ADVERTISING OFFICE, HOWARD LEDERER, EASTERN MANAGER, 720 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, NEW YORK, CI 5-2620; WESTERN ADVERTISING OFFICE, 232 E. OHIO STREET, CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS, MI 2-1000; LOS ANGELES REPRESENTATIVE, FRED E. CRAWFORD, 612 S. SERRANO AVENUE, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, DU 4-7352; SAN FRANCISCO REPRESENTATIVE, BLANCHARD-NICHOLS ASSOCIATES, 33 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO 4, CALIFORNIA, YU 6-6341; SOUTHEASTERN REPRESENTATIVE, SOUTHEAST ADVERTISING SALES, CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING, MIAMI 32, FLORIDA, FR 1-5975.

IMAGINE!



Completely
Equipped

STARCRAFT RUNABOUT

only **\$595⁰⁰**

(plus shipping costs)

If you're looking for boat values, look no further! This Starcraft runabout, the Jet "15", is priced at an amazingly low \$595.00 and is completely equipped! And you get the assurance of Starcraft performance and the Starcraft 15 year guarantee.

Heavy gauge, lightweight aluminum keeps maintenance to a minimum and the sleek but tough craft will take motors up to 50 h.p.

Think of it! This low price which saves up to \$200, includes windshield, complete steering rig, running lights (on bow and stern), bow cleat and chocks, step pads on decks, upholstered seats (front and back), four approved life-preserver cushions, plus the sweetest Starcraft runabout ever designed. Man, what performance. See it at your Starcraft dealer's today.

Write for your free
1959 Starcraft catalog

STARCRAFT

STARCRAFT BOAT COMPANY
Department PM-1 • Goshen, Indiana

with Felicia Atkins, Miss April of 1958; and now I understand Lindsay is planning on marrying June Blair, the January Playmate in 1957.

George Cummings
San Francisco, California

THE ANTI-PLAYMATE

As a university student, I can appreciate the quality of some of your short stories, but I fail to see how you can hope to benefit from the sections devoted to décolletage and Playmates of the Month. It is my feeling that you might raise the quality of your magazine considerably if these sections were devoted to men's fashions, and perhaps some creative contemporary poetry.

Gordon H. Berg
Ohio Wesleyan University
Delaware, Ohio

JAZZ ALL-STARS

PLAYBOY's Jazz Poll was the source for the fine jazz music we have employed in Susan Hayward's new picture *I Want to Live!* (see *Playboy After Hours*). Gerry



Mulligan, Shelly Manne, Art Farmer, Red Mitchell, Pete Condoli, Pete Jolly and Bud Shank were all selected from PLAYBOY's All-Star Jazz nominations. Note the familiar rabbit on Shelly's drum.

Robert Wise, Director
Samuel Goldwyn Studios
Hollywood, California

The winners of the Third Annual Playboy Jazz Poll will be announced in the next issue.

THE GARRET PLAYBOY

More and more, your fine magazine is showing up in garrets and studios that once admitted only the *Paris Review*.

John A. Keel
New York, New York

Is that good?

PERCHANCE TO FLY

I feel sure that Smith, Kline, and French Company will be appalled to

learn that Mr. Beaumont's hero in *Perchance to Dream* was taking, with little more than a tremor, 30 to 35 grains of their product, Dexedrine, daily. Average daily dose: 15 to 30 milligrams (1/4 to 1/2 grain)! Otherwise, a splendid story.

Bob Murphy, R.N.
San Bernadino, California

WYLIE'S WOMANIZATION

Wylie's *The Womanization of America* is the hardest-hitting treatment I have read to date of a really serious, but too often hidden problem. By no means a playmate-hater, I'm sure, Mr. Wylie has bravely lashed out at the social sickness that is all too prevalent in our "utterly dreamy" and "celestial mauve" society today. I'll wager also that Mr. Wylie has some strong thoughts on low Womanization and its authority-shattering effects have actually contributed heavily to our juvenile delinquency problem.

John Quinn
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

A woman who "accepts" her husband's "celebrating the appeal of other women" becomes, in reality, nothing more than his legal bitch; certainly not a REAL WOMAN or WIFE — much less a MOTHER worth the title. The nation doesn't need more "understanding women" but more men and women who make their marriage vows on their wedding day and stick to them — without exception. There wouldn't be so damned many divorces, broken homes and unhappy children if marriage vows were not discarded by whim and passion, whenever fickle men or women damn well pleased! Since when is it man's "prerogative" to practice licentiousness, philandering, adultery, etc.? How can women possibly give men a rank of superiority, when men don't have character or conscience? You playboys will have to earn woman's respect before you ever establish your male supremacy! Show me the woman who doesn't agree!

Mrs. Rose Marie Shelley
Emporia, Kansas

The tune plucked on the umbilical cord of that foremost expert of "momism," Philip Wylie, is beginning to sound dull. The melody is sung now for the sake of the wine.

Norman McAnsh
San Francisco, California

Began to read *The Womanization of America* with that "Oh Gawd! Wylie's at it again" feeling, and what do you know? Way back there at the end of the article he shocks me no end by varying from his usual ranting and raving and mom-stomping (which I agree with pretty much — it just gets tiring) and actually getting — so help me — constructive. Instead of tearing down and breaking up without let, he actually has some-

5-RECORD GLENN MILLER ALBUM FREE

with the first album you buy
as a member of the

RCA VICTOR POPULAR ALBUM CLUB

...if you agree to buy 5 additional albums from the Club during the next 12 months from at least 100 albums to be made available

NATIONALLY
ADVERTISED
PRICE
\$19.98

This exciting new plan, under the direction of the Book-of-the-Month Club, enables you to have on tap a variety of popular music for family fun and happier parties . . . and at an immense saving. Moreover, once and for all, it takes bewilderment out of building such a well-balanced collection. This way you can "program" music for every mood and every kind of occasion.

You pay far less for albums this way than if you buy them haphazardly. For example, the extraordinary introductory offer described above can represent around a 40% saving in your first year of membership.

Thereafter you save almost 33 1/3%. After buying the six albums called for in this offer, you will receive a free 12-inch 33 1/3 R.P.M. album, with a nationally advertised price of at least \$3.98, for every two albums purchased.

A wide choice of RCA VICTOR albums—enough to satisfy every kind of taste—will be described each month. One will be singled out as the **album-of-the-month**. If you want it, you do nothing—it will come to you automatically. If you prefer one of the many alternates—or nothing at all in any month—you can make your wishes known on a simple form always provided. You pay the nationally advertised price—usually \$3.98, at times \$4.98 (plus a small charge for postage and handling).



"The highest precision, polish and refinement ever known in the playing of popular American music"

—IRVING KOLODIN
The Saturday Review



AN ALBUM OF FIVE 12-INCH 33 1/3 R.P.M. RECORDS
CONTAINING SEVENTY-FIVE DIFFERENT SELECTIONS



These recordings represent the high point as well as the final chapter in Miller's legendary career. Here are 75 selections played by the 50-man, star-studded Air Force Band, including definitive versions of Miller's biggest hits—*In the Mood*, *Tuxedo Junction*, *St. Louis Blues March*, etc. Johnny Desmond sings top ballads; Ray McKinley sings his *G. I. Jive* and performs drum specialties. Jazz stars Mel Powell, Peanuts Hucko—and many more—are featured.

BEGIN MEMBERSHIP WITH ANY OF THESE . . . INDICATE TITLE IN COUPON

WE GET LETTERS Perry Como sings 12 standards: *S'posin'*, *Deed I Do*, etc.

BELAFONTE *Scarlet Ribbons*, *Alatida*, *Waterboy*, 8 more. Folk songs, ballads, spirituals, calypsos.

FRANKIE CARLE'S SWEET-HEARTS Dancy piano; rhythm, on 12 "giti" songs: *Nola*, *Laura*, *Cecilia*, etc.

NEW GLENN MILLER ORCHESTRA IN HI FI Ray McKinley, new Miller-styled *Lullaby of Birdland*, *On the Street Where You Live*. 12 dance items.

BRASS & PERCUSSION Morton Gould Symphonic Band, hi-fi showpiece, 17 marches, with 8 of Sousa's best, Others by Goldman, Gould.

LENA HORNE AT THE WALDORF ASTORIA On-the-spot recording of her supper club show.

MARIO LANZA—STUDENT PRINCE Hits from Romberg's operetta, plus Lehár, Rodgers gems, etc. 14 favorites by the exciting tenor.

BING WITH A BEAT A Crosby Jazz lark with Bob Scobey's Dixielanders, *Whispering*, *Ezotically Like You*, 10 more old-time evergreens.

TOMMY DORSEY: YES INDEED! Original recordings of *Marie*, *Boogie Woogie*, *Star Dust*, etc. Sinatra, Bergin, Stafford.

LET'S DANCE WITH THE THREE SUNS Forty show tunes, standards in "society" dance medleys.

SOUTH PACIFIC Original movie sound track recording of Rodgers-Hammerstein score. New, in highest fi!

THE FAMILY ALL TOGETHER Fiedler, Boston Pops, light classics: *Ravel's Bolero*, *Claire de Lune*, etc.

MUSIC FOR DINING Melachrino Strings in hi-fi mood music: *Tenderly*, *September Song*, *Charmaine*, etc.

PORGY AND BESS Highlights from Gershwin's classic. All-star cast featuring Rise Stevens, Robert Merrill.

SWEET SEVENTEEN Ames Brothers sing 12 standards. *Little White Lies*, *I Don't Know Why*, *For Sentimental Reasons*, etc.

LET'S CHA CHA WITH PUENTE Urgently rhythmic Latin dance fare in the modern, preferred big-band style.

THE EYES OF LOVE Hugo Winterhalter's lush orchestra in 12 standards: *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes*, *I Only Have Eyes for You*, etc.

MOONGLOW Artie Shaw, 12 all-time hits from '38 to '43. *Begin the Beguine*, *French*, *Star Dust*, *Nightmare*, etc.

THE RCA VICTOR POPULAR ALBUM CLUB

c/o Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

P195-1

Please register me as a member of The RCA Victor Popular Album Club and send me, free, the five-record album, *Glenn Miller's Army Air Force Band*, with the first Club album I purchase, indicated below. I agree to buy five other albums offered by the Club within the next twelve months, for each of which I will be billed at the nationally advertised price: \$3.98 (at times \$4.98), plus a small charge for postage and handling. Thereafter, I need buy only four such albums in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. I may cancel my membership any time after buying six albums from the Club. After my sixth, if I continue, for every two albums I buy from the Club I may choose a third album free.

(Please print title of purchase record here)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

NOTE: If you wish to enroll through an authorized RCA VICTOR dealer, please fill in below:

Dealer's Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

PLEASE NOTE: Send no money. A bill will be sent. Albums can be shipped only to residents of the U.S., its territories and Canada. Albums for Canadian members are made in Canada and shipped duty-free from Ontario.

Meet the "PROXY" LOVER



for 104 LONESOME
SNOW-BOUND G.I.s!



The Pentagon said
"Only one goes"
so his buddies
sent him to
Paris to live
it up with two
gorgeous
babes
and make the
dreams of every
one of them
blissful forever
after!

thing of an idea in apposition to his doomed civilization. Does this actually mean that there's a chance for us males after all? Seriously, the idea he advances of cooperation between two married people without this puke-inducing Togetherness we are continually having thrown at us is really interesting. My congratulations to him — that last paragraph makes me think he may have a brain instead of a rock-crushing machine in his head after all.

Richard Ellington
New York, New York

Congratulations to Philip Wylie and Herbert Gold, for their respective analyses of the American mass inversion of domestic American history in *The Womanization of America* and *Sleepers, Awake!*

Chuck Francis
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

I am up to my eyebrows with this "Women are taking over America" routine. Ours is an average family — four children, fairly well educated, above average income, etc., and I am sure we are just one family among thousands where Dad is boss. We respect his wishes, cater to his whims, and love him for many reasons.

Mary Anne Kinkade
Sacramento, California

A bottle of champagne for Philip Wylie! How tragically true his article, *The Womanization of America*. Too bad every male can't read this. And too bad every female who reads it won't understand it.

James H. Jensen
Los Angeles, California

Does Wylie have a wife? If so, what did she think of this article? I thought it was slightly overplayed. If I were a man and so unhappy, I'd blow my brains out.

Mrs. G. T. Fenster
Jacksonville, Florida

The Wylies consider themselves a happily married couple.

Mr. Wylie's observations appear to be as accurate as they are perceptive. Women, however, can only become what men will allow. It seems a precedent was established with Adam, who in one moment spoke passionately of his love ("This at last is bone of my bones and flesh of my flesh") and in the next answered unto the Lord God, "The woman whom Thou gavest me, she gave me fruit of the tree, and I ate." Ever since, it's been "Put the blame on Mame, boy."

Mrs. John E. Horne
Portland, Oregon

287
CERTIFIED
LAUGHS!
* Certified in audience
tests by Sindlinger & Co., Inc.
Research Division
RIDLEY PARK, PENN

The Perfect Furlough

CINEMASCOPE
in Eastman
COLOR

co-starring KEENAN WYNN • ELAINE STRITCH

with LES TREMAYNE
MARCEL DALIO and LINDA CRISTAL

Directed by BLAKE EDWARDS • Written by STANLEY SHAPIRO • Produced by ROBERT ARTHUR



GET MORE OUT OF LIFE... GO OUT TO A MOVIE!



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Pardon us if we scuff our feet a little, verbally that is. Our head is hung in shame, and we cough softly in apology as we tell you that we're eight months late in reporting a world's championship sporting event. Last May, the Oxonian Tiddlers of Oxford University defeated the Cantab Winklers of Cambridge at tiddly-winks, and immediately claimed the world's championship. The score was a nip-and-tuck 113-111. The teams represented the cream of the world's winklers—or tiddlers—and the match was witnessed by several hundred fans. Tea was served at half time.

A young ad exec we know was called down recently via memo from his boss for overwriting some ad copy. His mentor's memo read simply: "I've told you 40,000 times—stop exaggerating!"

If the current trend in beard cultivation continues from coast to coast, it may soon be hard to find a man you can catch in a bare-faced lie. Too bad George Bernard Shaw didn't live long enough to see face foliage reflower; he'd probably have a witty eruption or two to make in comment. After all, for many years the literary beard was his alone; next to his name, it was his surest means of identification. Matter of fact, he probably liked his beard better than his last name. You'll remember that he left most of his sizable fortune to a foundation for the improvement and modernization of English, and one good reason for his action may well have been the fact that there are 13 different ways to spell "sh" in English, and 11 different spellings for "aw." The sound "sh" can be written as it is in these words: facial; fuchsia; conscious; ash; luxury; chassis; pshaw; schist; passion; mustache; censure; schöttische; and action. We all

recognize "aw" in these different disguises: salt; caught; haul; exhaust; broad; fought; extraordinary; straw; exhort; awe; and boss. Chsure must have been aughful for Mr. Scho! It was Bernard Shaw, bye the bye, who listened stonily as a sweet young thing gushingly confided in him her discovery that "sugar" is the only word in the English language in which the initial "s" is followed by a "u" and pronounced "sh." His response: "Sure."

Along with the nautically-named armada of Sea Sprites, Gulls, Wanderers and plain Cindy Lous cruising the waters off Bermuda is a neat, trim craft tagged simply: \$27,500.

It's time to tune up the olfactories, gang. Mike Todd, Jr. is about to release a film, called *Scent of Danger*, on a suspecting public. A process called Smell-o-Vision (our nominee for Non-Sequitur Name of the Year) will electronically release odors to coincide with the action of the film. To up-date the old anecdote concerning Sam Johnson, here's an imaginary conversation with Mr. Todd after the movie is released:

Us: "Mr. Todd, this movie smells."

Todd: "No, sir. *You* smell. It *stinks*." By the way, if scented cinema catches on, what will happen in westerns?

On the wall of a New Orleans bistro is inscribed the legend: "A closed mouth gathers no foot."

The rash of new record companies abates not, nor does their need to come up with snazzy new labels to snare the public eye. Some of the latest entries: *Cham, Chock, Demon, Daja, Kay-Y, Wig-Wag, Rip, Now, B. B., Gallo and Shastone*. With such harrying handles con-

fronting us, we couldn't help dreaming up a few of our own, and hereby bequeath them to any new and name-needy outfit: *Ham, Hock, Aygh, Ga-Ga, Scratch, Chi-Chi, Fey, Cracked, Nerve, Warped, Crud, Cheez, Begged, Borrowed and Stolen*. Alas, however, our ideas pale beside that one giant mazda of Mr. J. Arthur Rank who, we understand, is titling his disc company *Rank Records*.

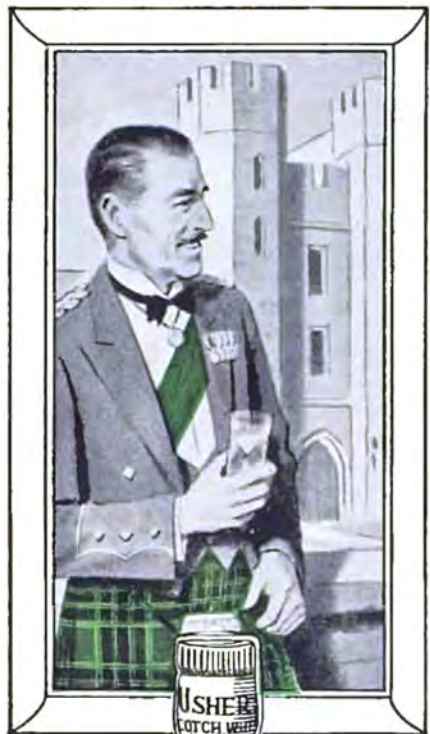
Recently in need of some quick info on a noted Russian Romantic composer, we reached for our brand new *Thorn-dike-Barnhart Comprehensive Desk Dictionary* ("Over 80,000 Entries; 10,000 Explanatory Examples; Over 700 Illustrations; Modern, Accurate Definitions; Precise Synonyms Keyed to Definitions; Hundreds of Notes on Correct Usage; Informative Word Origins; Easy-to-Use Pronunciation Key; Created by Distinguished Authorities; Your Assurance of Quality; More Than 1,750,000 Copies Already in Print") and stubbed our eyebrows on the following entry, here reprinted in its helpful entirety: "Tchaikovsky, Tchai-kow-sky (chi-kól'ski), n. Tschaikowsky."

RECORDINGS

Some months ago, with Bing Crosby virtually declaring himself her esthetic godfather and launching her LP career, Pat Suzuki orbited rapidly into the best-seller lists with her disc debut, *The Many Sides of Pat Suzuki* (Vix LX 1127). Since then the 24-year-old California-born lass has made considerable showbiz headway, and by the time these lines are read will have opened on Broadway in *The Flower Drum Song*. Meanwhile a

USHER'S

For outstanding merit



full flavored ... yet mild



USHER'S
"GREEN STRIPE"
SCOTCH WHISKY

THE JOS. GARNEAU CO., INC., N.Y.C. • 86.8 PROOF

new disc by Miss Pony Tail, as her sponsors coyly dub her, is on the market. Its title (the title department must have been pooped that day) is *Pat Suzuki* (Vik LX 1147). While we are impressed with Pat's dramatic quality, it seems that something of her is lost in the transfer from nightclub or stage to LP grooves. She describes her voice as "a cross between Shirley Temple and Lawrence Tibbett," of all things, though to us there is something of Lena Horne in the histrionic style, of Eartha Kitt in the occasionally forceful diction, and of Judy Garland in the voluminous projection. Frankly, *Anything Goes*, with that old-hat, Ethel Waters growl and vibrato, bothers us, and *Black Coffee* is not our cup of java, but on some of the ballads Pat really makes it. *Star Dust* includes a pretty treatment of the verse; *I've Grown Accustomed to His Face* is simple and warm; *How High the Moon* unusual in its slow, exotic-rhythm treatment. This is the side of Miss S. that comes off best for hi-fi; for the other tunes, hearing her in person is necessary for full appreciation.

It's been dubbed "intimate swing." Jonah Jones started it, and the trend is gaining momentum. This newly named jazz is characterized by a muted trumpet backed by a pulsing, four-to-the-bar rhythm section and a sprinkling of Teddy Wilson-like piano. Trumpet-led groups such as these have become enthusiastically accepted at intimate nighteries that heretofore catered only to modern piano trios; an excellent case in point is *Bobby Hackett at the Embers* (Capitol T1077). No longer the velvet trumpet of Jackie Gleason love moods, and certainly not the Bix-like horn of Glenn Miller days, Bobby is now a muted jazzman in a traditional vein. And it's great. Dig *I'll See You in My Dreams* and *Cheek to Cheek* for a toe-tapping trip back to the swing combos of the late Thirties.

Very modern yet very drivey is *Buddy Rich in Miami* (Verve 8285), a swinging set despite the problems inherent in building around a rhythm instrument. Buddy never errs on the side of showing off, exhibits his special brand of tasteful, controlled dynamism. Flip Phillips, Peter Ind and Ronnie Ball drive right along with him.

Pleasantest pipings of the month: The Four Freshmen's *Voices in Love* (Capitol T1074), on which the Frosh woo a raft of ballad hits from the Forties (*I Heard You Cried Last Night, I'll Remember April, Time Was, Out of Nowhere*). Happily, the usually frolicsome foursome concentrate less on vocal nips-ups, more on pretty sounds. ♣ June Christy's *June's Got Rhythm* (Capitol

T1076), another sparkler from the misty miss who herein blows away the blues and delivers 12 up-tempo goodies (*Gypsy in My Soul, Rock Me to Sleep*, etc.) in her near-to-perfect fashion. Backing is by a star-flecked group led by hubby Bob Cooper. ♣ *Ella Fitzgerald Sings the Irving Berlin Songbook* (Verve 4019-2) is the latest in Ella's series of two-platter delineations of today's top songsmiths. Ella, in two words, is in fine fettle, but we were reminded that Berlin is no Cole Porter when it comes to the word department. Still, a lot of his stuff is charming (*Get Thee Behind Me, Satan: You're Laughing at Me*) and Miss Fitzgerald could sing the *Zdenko Fibich Songbook* and make it a winner. ♣ *Politely!* Keely Smith (Capitol T1073) is that miss' second solo appearance (without Louis Prima); though Keely's voice is as rich and warm as ever, the ditties she's chosen on this one just aren't up to snuff (*Cocktails for Two, S'posin'*, etc.). Fans, though, will certainly want to give it a listen.

The Ballad Style of Stan Kenton (Capitol T1068) comes welcome. No far-out frenzy this, but a sit-back-and-relax collection of exciting sounds in a lazy, plush setting. This first Kenton LP devoted solely to the ballad creates a mood of intense richness: reeds and brass build to bursting, in contrast to Stan's tinkling solo piano essays. Result: a dazzling disc for both listening and dancing.

Stan Getz and the Oscar Peterson Trio (Verve 8251) is a stunning job of work, mostly standards, in which one gets the impression that in this gig everything went along unusually well and happily. Getz himself is in top form here, with his wonderfully decent, searching tone — honest as the night is long.

Two timber-shivering American singers have recorded recent recital junkets — the Met's *Leonard Warren on Tour in Russia* (Victor LM-2266) and Russia-dwelling *Paul Robeson* (Vanguard 9037) who, last May, made his first Carnegie Hall appearance in 11 years. Warren (or YOPPEH, as it was spelled on Soviet posters) is heard in on-the-spot pickups of concert performances in Kiev and Leningrad (also last May) complete with applause, stifled coughs and a brief introduction by a native announcer (standard concert procedure in the U.S.S.R.), offering chiefly familiar recital fare by Bach, Beethoven and the Italians, a roistering Ravel drinking song, etc. The folks seem to have dug the most traditional cowpoke tune, *Colorado Trail*. Yoppeh is in good voice and so are his demonstrative auditors. The Paul Robeson platter, a studio job, lacks audi-

torium spontaneity, but Robeson himself—recorded, says Vanguard, for the first time in hi-fi—lacks not one decibel of his famous power. Though he's past 60, his deep warm voice rolls out effortlessly, like dark velvet unfurled; and behind the voice, informing and infusing it, is the overwhelming personal majesty of its owner. Listen to the plaint of Robeson's *Water Boy*, the firm and fervent line of his *Shenandoah*, the nobility of his *Jerusalem* (William Blake's poem set to music by Sir Hubert Parry), the rousing pulse-throb of his *John Brown's Body*, and it would be difficult to deny that this is the greatest male singer of our time.

One of the nuttiest hipsters in show biz today is Shorty Petterstein, a jazz-oriented lad dedicated to the high art of Wackery. The *Wide Weird World of Shorty Petterstein* (World Pacific WPM-412) is just a mild description of what you'll find inside: sound effects from another galaxy, plus dialects of every description. What's the origin of cool jazz? Well, explains Petterstein, when a cat picks up his instrument it's cold; hence, he plays cool jazz. Petterstein, along with West Coast funnyman Lenny Bruce, also appears on *Interviews of Our Time* (Fantasy 7001), re-release of a 45-rpm disc with new material added. There's a take-off on Larry Welk, who hires a mainlining trombonist. "I got a monkey on my back," wails the musician. "Dot's all right," counters Larry, "we like animals on the show." There's also a sketch featuring Dracula as a musician bugged by his wife because he doesn't swing, but it also shows him as a loving father. He tells his youngest child, "Bite mama goodnight." Fine, funny fare for group listening.

Jazz West Coast No. 4 (World Pacific JWC-510) sustains and at times surpasses the high level set by its predecessors. It's interesting: quite a few of these men have been tooting-off up blind alleys lately, but there isn't a wrong note or muzzy idea on either side of this record. Personnel—too many to list and too familiar to require it—includes virtually all the big names of the Coast and a couple of new talents of whom Freddy Gambrell (a 22-year-old blind pianist who awakens thoughts of Tatum and Peterson) is perhaps the most interesting.

A pleasing enough and very reasonable facsimile of American jazz is served up on *Skål* (Verve 8253), starring Bert Dahlander abetted by native American sidemen Howard Roberts, Curtis Counce and Victor Feldman. There's a quite successful ballad medley, some Dahlander arrangements and originals featuring his drumming and a nice,



You got a problem, cousin?...



Do folks call you "snowflake" 'cause you... always slosh around knee-deep in dandruff?



And you can't find your way home... 'cause falling dandruff blurs your vision?



And your head is always flaky?



Is that your problem?... It's time to...

run to your barber and buy a bottle of Stephan's

Nobody knows your dandruff problems like your barber. That's why he recommends Stephan's Dandruff Remover Hair Lotion. Stephan's removes loose, flaky dandruff. In fact, Stephan's is so effective, your barber insists on selling it exclusively. Ask your barber about a take-home bottle of Stephan's today. No problem, cousin.

SOLD ONLY BY BARBERS

Stephan's

DANDRUFF REMOVER HAIR LOTION



Stephan Distributing Corp., Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

“Didn't mind his tipping my port or making passes at Her Ladyship, but he went too far—caught the blighter in one of my lattersall vests from Beacon's.”



Moral: a blighter simply *never* trifles with another chap's Authentic—English—Imported—Fine Basket-Weave Yardage—Weskite—From—Beacon's. A wise blighter orders his own from Beacon's, selecting his favorite color be it red, gold, or blue and black on white grounds. Posh blighters order all three.

Beacon dreads unnecessary correspondence, so please state correct suit size and your weight in your first letter. Enclose \$12.95 per vest plus 45¢ for mailing. No COD's.

Beacon's Ivy Shop

608 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

SINCE 1955 COMPLEAT OUTFITTERS OF GENTLEMEN

Finchley

Unique Among America's Finest Shops



TIME FOR CHANGE

Fashion demands a vibrant mode of dress. Try a red, tan or blue tattersall check—a grey, tan or blue pencil or spaced stripe—a grey, tan or blue solid color. Button down, back button collar with back pleat. Also white. Twill and oxford weaves.

\$6

35¢ P.P. outside United Parcel Zone

364P. Fifth Ave. 19P. E. Jackson Blvd.
at 46th, N. Y. (36) Chicago (4)
JU 2-3230 WA 2-5200

straight walking base, 4-4 and all that—and not too much new to say.

The full range of Artur Rubinstein's virtuosity—and stereo's spaciousness—are given happy exposition in *Saint-Saëns: Concerto No. 2/Franck: Symphonic Variations* (Victor LSC 2234), a brilliant laddling of musical joy—the obvious joy of the composers in their sense of mastery; the equally sure pleasure of the pianist in his. The Saint-Saëns concerto was written when he was in his early 30s. Franck's variations were composed when he was in his 60s. Yet both pieces share a felicitous combination of technical accomplishment with frankly florid romanticism. Alfred Wallenstein's Symphony of the Air supports the soloist in a fine recording.

Grab your fighting capes, chaps, and spin *Corrida* (Grand Award 219 S.D.), a stereo disc that brings the bull ring right into your living room. The ever-stirring and now familiar classics of *la fiesta de los toros* are handsomely blared forth—high, clear trumpet notes and all—by La Banda Los Amantes de la Corrida, a swinging bunch of cats whose playing of even the more gentle, bucolic numbers has plenty zizz. Listen especially to their *La Virgen de la Macarenas* (the star attraction of Audio Fidelity's famous *La Fiesta Brava*); it's slower than you're used to and a bit hoked up with grace notes and glissandos, but it rates the ears, tail and a couple of *Olés* all the same.

DINING-DRINKING

A take-your-time spot for a snack and a chat, away from the Benzadrine throb of Chicago's Villagey Near North Side, is the low-ceilinged, unpretentious *A Bit of Sweden* (1015 N. Rush). Here, with quietude enow to permit a make-out discussion of Bartók and Buxtehude with that stacked little culture hound, you can sip an aquavit at the cubbyhole bar in the corner; wander around the smorgasbord table, sampling and yakking as you go; dawdle over strong coffee; top things off with a platter of *plättar* (those little Swedish pancakes) and lingonberries; then, thus fortified, brave once more the artfilm/bistro/bookshop/leopard hazards of Rush Street. It's not a late-hours place: open five to 9:30 every day except Sunday when they open at noon, shut up shop at eight.

The latest night-life phenomenon, growing wildly in cities across the nation, is the hi-fi listening room complete with booze, hefty stereo rigs, plus a fat supply

of tapes and LPs for the patron's listening pleasure. You can ask for, and get, Bach (J.S. or C.P.E.) if you're brave, but mostly the requests are for Scotch and Frankie Boy. In Philly, Jack Dubin confirms the Sinatra rage. He's impresario of the *Hi-Fi Studio* (22nd and Walnut), a second-floor setup over his downstairs bar. It's the same story at Joe Marcucci's *Chancellor Room* (13th below Walnut): a Sinatra Hour is observed there nightly, and almost reverently. Bill Rodstein went the whole bit at his *Latimer Cafe* (247 S. 17th), by putting in a Sinatrama Room that features a photo gallery of the Thin One and Frank's own telegram commenting on the honor: "Thanks! Sounds like a gasser!"

BOOKS

Like a real-life Eliza Doolittle, Sheila Graham started as a Cockney orphan and at 20-odd was affianced to a belted earl—but her chief claim to fame is her love affair with F. Scott Fitzgerald. In 1937 she was a beautiful, budding Hollywood columnist while he, at 41, was an alcoholic, largely forgotten writer, still enmeshed in the ethos of a dead era—a kind of Roaring-Twenties Quixote fighting ginmills. Once they'd met, Sheilo (his name for her) jilted the earl, jolted her friends, and all but junked her own future by plunging into a roller-coaster romance with this shattered genius. You can read all about it in *Beloved Infidel* (Holt, \$3.95) by Miss Graham and Gerold Frank, who performed similar ghostly chores on *I'll Cry Tomorrow* and *Too Much Too Soon*. The book is sometimes touching, sometimes shocking, too often merely embarrassing. Though there was true love on both sides (Fitzgerald himself immortalized it in *The Last Tycoon*), what might have been a deeply moving autobiographical novel is marred by Mr. Frank's sob-sister style.

That the worried world of the mal-adjusted doesn't exclude wit, conscious or unconscious, is hilariously proved by *My Mind Went All to Pieces* (Dial, \$1.95), a gathering of good humor spoken or written to psychiatrists by their patients. Robert Mines collected the quips, and they're illustrated by PLAYBOY-regular Jules Feiffer with his usual daffy deftness. Samples: "I started out just drinking when I was thirsty. Now I drink other times too so I won't get thirsty." "I don't know what I want out of life, Doctor. Can you give me an estimate on how much you would charge to find out?" "Unfortunately, I didn't know enough about stupidity to recognize it in my husband. I thought it was just

THE LEADING TRAVEL AGENTS

will honor your Diners' Club card
for all forms of transportation

Partial list of travel agents

New Agents in key areas are being added daily

ARIZONA

Tucson:

American International Travel Serv., 27 E. Broadway

CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles Area:

Abbey Travel Bureau, 518 N. Lemon Ave., Ontario

Bellflower Travel Service,

17036 S. Bellflower Blvd., Bellflower

Boulevard Trav. Serv., 6665 H'wood Blvd., H'wood.

Compton Trav. Serv., 428 E. Compton Blvd., Compton

Dempsey & Ford, 6707 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood

Fugazy Trav. Bur., 9493 Santa Monica Blvd., Bev. Hills

National Travel Service, 700 W. 6th, Los Angeles

Paul Duggan, 930-A N. LaCienega, Los Angeles

Rand-Field Travel Serv., 9406 Dayton Wy., Bev. Hills

Ray Cardillo, 1056 Broxton, Westwood

3452 1/2 Wilshire, Los Angeles

Sandberg Travel Bureau,

4285 Crenshaw Blvd., Los Angeles

World Travel Bureau, 274 S. Thomas, Pomona

106 S. Los Angeles, Anaheim

618 N. Main, Santa Ana

117 1/2 S. Commonwealth, Fullerton

301 E. Philadelphia, Whittier

620 N. Main, Santa Ana; 3638 Main, Riverside

Other Cities:

Andrew W. Lerios Trav. Serv., St. Clair Hotel, San Jose

Atlas Travel Service, 260 3rd Ave., Chula Vista

9 W. State, Redlands; 526 5th, San Bernardino

San Francisco Area:

Andrew W. Lerios Trav. Serv., 548 Market, San Fran.

133 Montgomery, San Francisco

Town & Country Village, Palo Alto

Fugazy Travel Bureau, 240 Powell St., San Francisco

Howard Travel Service, 578 Grand Ave., Oakland

San Leandro Travel Bureau,

1522 Washington Ave., Pelton Ctr., San Leandro

ILLINOIS

Chicago:

Sherman Travel, Hotel Sherman

FLORIDA

Miami Beach:

Allied Trav. Serv. & Tours, 224 Lincoln Road

Wylliv's Tours, Inc., 2921 Collins Avenue,

17250 Collins Avenue

LOUISIANA

New Orleans:

Travel Consultant, 124 Camp

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston:

Raymond & Whitcomb Co., 70 School Street

Fall River:

Fall River Travel Bureau, 29 N. Main Street

Wellesley:

Raymond & Whitcomb Co., 572 Washington St.

NEW JERSEY

Lodi:

Aabco Travel, Inc., Modell's Shoppers World,

Route 17 & Essex St.

NEW YORK STATE

Kingston:

Fugazy Travel Bureau, 2 Pearl St.

New York City Area:

Aabco Travel, Inc., 527 Madison Avenue

Abbey Travel Service, 220 W. 42nd Street

Downtown Travel Center, Inc., 92 Liberty St.

Famous Travel Service, Inc., 40 E. 49th Street

Fugazy Trav. Bur., Inc., 351 Ave. of the Americas,

554 Madison Avenue

King Trav. Org. Inc., 570 Bergen Ave., Bronx

Prisco Trav. Bur. Inc., 1 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn

Raymond & Whitcomb Co., 600 Fifth Avenue

Travel-Rite Travel Bureau, 1 Madison Avenue

World View Tours, Inc., 452 Fifth Avenue

OHIO

Cleveland:

Fugazy Travel Bureau, Inc., Hotel Cleveland

PENNSYLVANIA

Philadelphia:

Fugazy Travel Bureau, Inc., 1636 Walnut Street

TEXAS

Dallas:

H-S Travel Service, 1715 Pacific Ave., Dallas

CANADA

Montreal, Quebec:

Kelen Travel Service, 1467 Mansfield

Toronto, Ontario:

Four Seasons Travel, 109 Bloor W.

HAWAII

Trade Winds Tours Int'l Travel Service

Hilo:

Hilo Hotel Building

Honolulu:

307 Lewers; 930 Fort

Outrigger Arcade, 2333 Kalakaua Ave.

Lobby Reef Hotel; Lobby Edgewater Hotel

Lobby Breakers Hotel; Lobby Waikiki Surf Hotel



NOW you can CHARGE LAND, SEA AND AIR TRAVEL

anywhere in the world with your

Diners' Club

SINGLE-BILL CREDIT CARD



Travel anywhere in the world with your Diners' Club single-bill credit card. Charge all expenses — transportation, hotel and motel accommodations, food and drink, entertainment. Diners' Club offices will serve as your mail and message center, make reservations, help you with travel plans.

Only The Diners' Club can proudly say:
over 850,000 business and traveling people use its services
each month, and more than a thousand new members are added daily.

Monthly single-billing and ONE CHECK for all charges. • World-wide immediate credit coverage with over 19,000 selected quality restaurants, night clubs and many other establishments and services. • SINGLE-BILLING privileges in the Sheraton, Manger, Sharpe and other fine hotels and motels with approximately 1,000,000 rooms in the U. S. and 76 foreign countries. • "Charge-it" privileges for the giant Hertz-Rent-A-Car system, the world's largest network of independent gasoline stations and repair shops, flower shops, packaged liquor stores, gift shops, overseas telegrams, temporary help, championship fights and other sports, film spectaculars and many more services. The Diners' Club gift program offering gift certificates and quality certified merchandise saves the executive time and effort all year 'round.

THE DINERS' CLUB GROUPS domestic establishments in one wallet-size credit card booklet and presents members with the world's most complete guide to international travel, The Diners' Club Annual Directory. The Diners' Club sends each member an entertaining, enlightening magazine of travel news, articles on food and reports of new services.

SO MUCH FOR SO LITTLE — Annual membership fee is only \$5.00. Additional cards issued to members of your firm or family are only \$2.50 each. Your membership in the Diners' Club provides you with records for bookkeeping and tax purposes . . . minimizes your need for carry cash or to buy prepaid travelers checks.

CHARGE TRAVEL — by Land, by Sea or Air.

THE DINERS' CLUB COLISEUM TOWER 10 COLUMBUS CIRCLE NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

DINERS' CLUB, Coliseum Tower, 10 Columbus Circle, New York 19, N. Y.

Full Name _____ FOR OFFICE USE

Home Address _____ City _____ State _____

Home Phone _____ Rent Home _____ Own Home _____ Years _____

Company Name _____ Nature of Business _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____

Business Phone _____ Years with above firm _____ Position _____

Bank and Branch Address _____ Reg. Checking

IF COMPANY ACCOUNT DESIRED, INDICATE COMPANY BANK. Spec. Checking

Charge accounts at _____ Savings

Loan

CHECK ONE ONLY

COMPANY ACCOUNT Have you applied previously? _____

Bill to office address If addition to existing account, show number _____

PERSONAL ACCOUNT \$5 FEE ENCLOSED BILL ME covers twelve months' membership

Bill to home address from date card is issued and includes one year's subscription to

PERSONAL ACCOUNT Diners' Club Magazine at sixty cents.

Bill to office address Card holder assumes individual responsibility with company applicant

Signature of individual applicant _____

Signature of executive authorizing company account _____ Title _____

* THIS
IS YOUR
APPLICATION
... FILL OUT
AND MAIL
TODAY!

11-NY-PB-1

idea *of-the-month*



CAREER CRAVAT

The ultimate in personalized neckwear, this tie tells people your profession . . . and does so with a bit of whimsy! Has a neat 3-letter monogram, too, and a label with full name, like so: "Made expressly for Dr. John Smith." Pure silk shantung, in light gray, charcoal, black, navy, blue, red, beige, tan or brown. Just great for gift-giving! \$6.50

available with these professional symbols:



writer



photographer



stock broker



lawyer



oil man



doctor



builder



musician



executive

Exclusively at stores listed.

Mail orders filled — one week delivery.
State color, initials, full name, profession.

Baltimore, Maryland	WM. H. LOHMEYER
Cincinnati, Ohio	JENNY
Dayton, Ohio	THE METROPOLITAN CO.
Denver, Colorado	NEUSTETERS
Detroit, Michigan	HUGHES & HATCHER
Houston, Texas	SAKOWITZ
Memphis, Tennessee	JULIUS LEWIS
New Orleans, Louisiana	PORTER'S
Philadelphia, Pa.	MORVILLE CLOTHES
Pittsburgh, Pa.	HUGHES & HATCHER
St. Louis, Missouri	BOYD'S
San Antonio, Texas	FROST'S
Toledo, Ohio	B. R. BAKER CO.
Wichita Falls, Texas	PERKINS TIMBERLAKE

Southern Charm." "She says that all she wants is just once to see her husband's name in the obituaries." "I am writing to let you know that my wife still seems completely insane but otherwise doing nicely." Along with the chuckles it evokes, this thin tome bespeaks the universality of neurosis; anyone who doesn't see himself reflected somewhere in its pages is obviously a Martian.

John Loder, Jack Mulhall, Louise Fazenda, Halliwell Hobbes, Buster Crabbe: scintillicent names! They parade before your eyes once again as you flip the pages of Daniel Blum's *A Pictorial History of the Talkies* (Putnam's, \$12.50), an occupation weirdly akin to watching late TV with the sound off. This is a nostalgia-strumming companion volume to Mr. Blum's other scissors-and-paste job, *A Pictorial History of the Silent Screen* (*Playboy After Hours*, March 1956). Our only quarrel with its compiler is that he chose to include a solitary *drawing*, for Pete's sake, instead of one or more photographic studies of our favorite actor, King Kong. (Another picture book for brandy-and-browsing sessions is *The Gershwin Years* (Doubleday, \$6.95). Authors Edward Jablonski and Lawrence D. Stewart bolster the pix with more text than does Blum, but chiefly the tome is shots of George and Ira from infancy onward — alone, together, and in consort with contemporaries; plus reproductions of letters, manuscript music, songsheet covers, posters, newsclips, stuff like that. It succeeds in building a pretty fair image of The Jazz Age.

No surprise to fans of PLAYBOY-favorite Charles Beaumont: his first novel, *The Intruder* (Putnam's, \$3.95), is a masterfully incisive work. Integration is the book's explosive theme, and the intruder of the title, Adam Cramer, shares many of his methods with a real-life bigotry-monger. John Kasper, Cramer arrives in a small Southern town just before a new school term is to begin, manipulates the natives' ignorance, fear and prejudice, fomenting from their sullen acceptance of impending integration an attitude of active hate. Much of the book's violence is rooted in the troubled minds and emotions of its characters, and it is in their individual reactions to Cramer that the story gathers form and strength. Beaumont carefully delineates the elements that shaped Cramer, then silhouettes against him characters such as local newspaper editor Tom McDaniel who, originally opposed to integration, gradually becomes a pivotal figure in overthrowing the injustice Cramer represents; Ella, Tom's man-starved daughter, who is used mercilessly by the glib stranger; Joey Greene, a Negro boy

desperate to avoid racial conflict, who eventually takes charge of the Negro students when leadership becomes imperative. *The Intruder* demonstrates Beaumont's ability to vivify character, his unerring ear for authentic dialog. It is further to his credit that while he has unflinchingly tackled a controversial theme, his book is no mere fictional polemic, but stands out as a fine and stirring novel.

FILMS

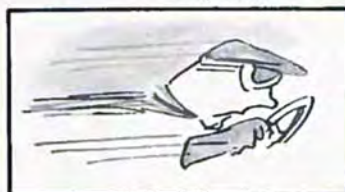
The Horse's Mouth is a wildly funny, irreverent and sometimes touching picture based on the late Joyce Cary's novel. Alec Guinness plays frog-voiced, grizzled Gulley Jimson, a boor, kleptomaniac, vandal, and extortionist who is chockful of lubricity. He is also a dream-haunted and masterful painter, particularly of feet — pudgy, misshapen, elderly, worn feet; feet with a past. Awestruck by his own genius, he has evolved a special and delightful set of morals for himself: what the hell, so long as he can find an empty canvas to fill with his pulsating colors and fierce, distorted concepts. At the outset he's down, badgering his ex-wife (Renee Houston) for paintings she's filched from him; borrowing pence from a tough barmaid (Kay Walsh); trying to squeeze more from a rich dodderer (Ernest Thesiger). Then he finds the ideal setup: a baronet's apartment (the gentleman and his wife are away on vacation) with wide and wonderful walls just asking for his oils. He moves in, joined shortly by a sculptor (Michael Gough) and a nude model (Gillian Vaughan), plus other assorted oddballs who devastate the place in their dedication to art. The hilarious adventure is a classic of grotesque humor, and Guinness has a ball making asses out of the respectably pompous Britishers who try to frustrate him. Guinness did the screenplay, too, and a fine, literate job it is. Ronald Neame's direction is bright and saucy, and the cadged Prokofiev music lumping along with the action adds to the general jocularity. In sum, like, wow.

If sundry Hollywood dishes deserve their titles of *Glamor Queen*, *Sex Goddess*, and so on, Susan Hayward richly rates the billing of *Degradation Doll*. Her scripts, over the past few years, have evidently been culled from social workers' nightmares, but we're pleased to report that her latest, *I Want to Live!* boasts a sensational story with a difference, mainly in that it treads heavily on some of society's tenderest toes. The flick is based on court records, newspaper articles about, and letters written

(continued on page 77)



Party Games P. 21



The Yawn P. 30



Playmate Review P. 57

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL.....	2
DEAR PLAYBOY.....	5
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS.....	9
THE MUSIC OF THE YELLOW BRASS—fiction.....	CHARLES BEAUMONT 16
PARTY GAMES—entertainment.....	21
MAGNIFIQUE MARDI GRAS MENUS—food.....	THOMAS MARIO 24
HOLLYWOOD HORIZONTAL—humor.....	MARION HARGROVE 29
THE YAWN—satire.....	JULES FEIFFER 30
FAR-EAST FABRIC—attire.....	BLAKE RUTHERFORD 34
THE RIGHT APPROACH—fiction.....	P. G. WODEHOUSE 37
GIRL WHO WEARS GLASSES—playboy's playmate of the month.....	39
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor.....	44
A DISH OF DESIRE—fiction.....	J. P. DONLEAVY 46
NO ROOM FOR VICE—nostalgia.....	BEN HECHT 51
LE CAFÉ CHAMBORD—man at his leisure.....	52
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW—pictorial.....	57
COCK OF THE WALK—ribald classic.....	BONAVENTURE DESPERRIERS 63
BRISK-WEATHER WEAR—attire.....	65
PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK—travel.....	PATRICK CHASE 80

HUGH M. HEFNER *editor and publisher*

A. C. SPECTORSKY *associate publisher and advertising director*

RAY RUSSELL *executive editor*

ARTHUR PAUL *art director*

JACK J. KESSIE *associate editor*

VINCENT T. TAJIRI *picture editor*

VICTOR LOWNES III *promotion director*

JOHN MASTRO *production manager*

ELDON SELLERS *special projects*

ROBERT S. PREUSS *circulation manager*

KEN PURDY *contributing editor*; BLAKE RUTHERFORD *fashion editor*; THOMAS MARIO *food & drink editor*; PATRICK CHASE *travel editor*; LEONARD FEATHER *jazz editor*; EUGENE TROBNIK *assistant editor*; ARLENE BOURAS *copy editor*; PAT PAPPAS, ARTHUR WEBSTER *editorial assistants*; JERRY WHITE, JOSEPH H. PACZEK *assistant art directors*; FERN A. HEARTIEL *production assistant*; ANSON MOUNT *college bureau*; JANET PILGRIM *reader service*; WALTER J. HOWARTH *subscription fulfillment manager*.

GENERAL OFFICES, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 232 E. OHIO STREET, CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS. RETURN POSTAGE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED IF THEY ARE TO BE RETURNED AND NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ASSUMED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIALS. CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED © 1958 BY MMH PUBLISHING CO., INC. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMI-FICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. CREDITS: COVER DESIGNED BY ARTHUR PAUL, PHOTOGRAPHED BY MORT SHAPIRO; P. 2 BEN HECHT DRAWING BY SCHONEBERG; P. 24 PHOTO BY DAVE CUNNINGHAM OF FELD-KAMP-MALLOY; MARDI GRAS ETCHING FROM BETTMANN ARCHIVES. ROAST PIG COURTESY THE TRADERS, CHICAGO; P. 29 PHOTO BY PLAYBOY STUDIO; P. 57 PHOTOS BY RON VOGEL, FRANK BEZ, TON CAFFREY OF GLOBE; P. 58 PHOTOS BY BUNNY YEAGER, SAM WU OF PIX, DAVID PRESTON OF TOPIX; P. 59 PHOTOS BY MIKE SHEA, LAWRENCE SCHILLER; P. 60 PHOTOS BY MARIO CASILLI, MIKE SHEA; P. 61 PHOTOS BY B. BERNARD, BUNNY YEAGER; P. 62 PHOTO BY SACON-TIRSCHEL.

PLAYBOY

THE MUSIC OF THE YELLOW BRASS

EVEN NOW he could not believe it, so quickly had it happened, so unexpectedly, and after so many years. How many? Juanito tried to remember. Three. No; four. Four years of sleeping in filthy boxcars, on park benches, on the ground with only his dirt-stiffened cape for protection against the angry winds; of stealing and, when he could not steal, begging; of running in the path of impresarios ("Next year!")—and all the long nights, dreaming. And now. Now. *Now!*

"How do I look?" he asked.

"All right," said Enrique Córdoba, shrugging.

"Just all right? Just that?"

The older man said, "Look, Juanito, look. You're skinny. A scarecrow."

"So?" The boy smiled haughtily. "In the suit of lights it will be different. No belly for the horn. Huh?"

"Right."

"Enrique, what's the matter with you? Are you annoyed with me?"

"No."

"You act that way."

"And you act like a fool!"

"Because I'm happy? Because I show it?"

They walked in silence.

"I know. You're afraid I'll put on a bad show; that's it. You've worked for me and got me a fight at the Plaza and you're thinking; maybe he won't do well. But I will! In a few little minutes, I'll prove to the fat man, to

fiction By CHARLES BEAUMONT

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT CHRISTIANSEN



stepping out onto the welcoming sand, juanito marveled at his good fortune



everyone, that —"

"Shut up. My ears."

For another two blocks they walked, not speaking. Then Juanito saw the big white sign, saw the glass doors of the hotel and, beyond, the rich wine-colored rug and the crystal chandeliers, and his heart beat fast with excitement.

"Relax," whispered Enrique.

They went into the hotel. At a thick ivory door, the older man seemed to hesitate. Then, in solid motions, he rapped his horny knuckles against the wood, once, twice.

"Enter!"

The door opened to a vast, luxurious room hung in bright tapestries and decorated with daggers and capes and swords of antique silver and, over the bar, the head of a bull.

Juanito smiled and nudged his companion (*See, Enrique, at last; and no more hungry hours for us!*) but there was no reaction. Nothing in the eyes. He tried to swallow then, but could not. Something was not right, he thought, the flame of courage sinking in his chest. He looked once at the people, who were talking loudly and moving, then directed his gaze toward Enrique.

A voice said, "Hola!"

Enrique still did not smile. Instead, he nodded and touched his brow. "I hope that we're not late, Don Alfredo."

Juanito felt the approach of the giant impresario. A heavy hand touched his shoulder. "Hola, matador. Are you afraid to look at us?"

Damn! He had not been afraid, before. "No, Señor."

"Good!" Don Alfredo, Alfredo Camara, who had stepped around him as though he were a cockroach yesterday, was grinning widely. His face was shiny with sweat and there were sacks beneath his large wet eyes. He leaned forward. "How is it, then? Are you in shape?" he asked. "All ready for tomorrow?"

"Yes, Señor."

The hand thumped Juanito's back. "Fine!" Then Don Alfredo turned and cried, in a high squeaking voice: "Attention! Attention!"

The people in the room stopped talking. Juanito recognized some of them: Francesco Pérez, who only last week earned both ears and the tail; Manolo Lombardini, the idol of the season; the great Garcia, who never smiled and never left a ring without a smear of blood across his thighs . . .

"You've heard me talk of my new discovery," said Don Alfredo. "Well, here he is. Juan Galvez!"

There was applause; the first applause that Juanito had ever heard. A sweet, exciting sound!

"So, at last you see him. But you do not truly see him, as I have, facing the horns. Then he is most fearsome, most

handsome. Eh, Señor Córdoba?"

Enrique nodded again.

"So close, my friends! It is a marvel. I know. Would I allow him in the Plaza otherwise?"

Some of the men laughed. Others did not.

Don Alfredo pointed to a girl in a black dress and snapped his fingers. She poured tequila into two glasses and gave the glasses to Enrique and Juanito.

"The other is his manager, also his sword handler: Enrique Córdoba. An extraordinary man. He came to me a month ago, to plead for his boy. 'We are filled up!' I told him; and, you know: 'Come again next year —'"

Garcia chuckled and shook his dark head.

"But wait, this fellow is persistent. Most persistent. 'Don Alfredo,' he says, 'I ask only that you watch my boy work out. In the Plaza. Watch and you will see that he is a star.' What they all say, huh? But, as it happened, Pérez was going to be there — to work off a hang-over, isn't that so, Francesquito?"

The great matador made a motion with his hands. "No," he said, "that isn't so. You're a liar and a bandit."

"Unkind!"

As Juanito listened to the exchange, standing there with the fat hand clamped upon him, his eyes wandered past Pérez to the corner of the room.

A woman was there, a young woman, in a bright red dress of velvet which showed off her smooth skin and her high, large breasts.

She was staring.

"Like all toreros!" roared Don Alfredo. "An eye for beauty. Hey!"

The woman walked toward them, slowly, her hips moving beneath the velvet dress.

"This," said the impresario, "is Andrée. I think she has noticed you. Galvez!"

With a grunt, Enrique moved away. "Well, young fellow, don't you want to make the lady's acquaintance?"

Again, Juanito could not swallow; but he thought of tomorrow, and the thought gave him bravery. He touched the fragile outstretched hand.

The impresario's high voice shrieked: "A fateful contact! Electricity! I saw electricity!"

The woman came closer. "I am happy to meet you, at last, Señor Galvez," she said.

"Yes, but you will be happier tomorrow night, I assure you. For then he'll be the talk of Mexico!"

The tequila was like fire in Juanito's throat; still he did not flinch and was careful not to blush. About the water in his eyes he could do nothing, however.

"He weeps at the prospect," cried Garcia, solemnly.

"It shows he is sensitive," answered

the impresario. "Now listen, everybody: I'm not through with the introduction. Where was I?"

"Robbing a blind grandmother," said Pérez. "You were forced to kick her senseless —"

"Quiet! Listen: we had access to a novillo. Small, but dangerous. Right, Francesquito?"

"Always," said the matador.

"When you were through — remember? — I saw this Córdoba. How he got through the guards, I could not guess. Anyway: 'Let my boy show you!' he says. 'Only watch him for a few minutes!' I demur. 'Suicide!' I tell him. But, like I said, he is persistent. To shut him off, I granted his wish." Don Alfredo Camara turned to the woman. "Andrée, do you know what happened then?"

"No. Tell me."

"I shall. This boy, Juan Galvez, sprang into the ring with the dirtiest capote I have ever seen, and, right off — right off, with an experienced bull! — he made a *perfect Chicuelinas!*"

"No."

"Yes! Then another, then a half-veronica — God, how excited he made me! Like a spectator. My mouth was open."

The girl next to Lombardini giggled.

"Silence! For *ten minutes* he worked this novillo; then —"

"Then?"

"He was tossed. Of course." Don Alfredo shrugged. "But it was not his fault: the bull by this time knew man from cape. However, do you think he was fazed by it, this Galvez? He was *not* fazed by it! Up again and some of the finest passes I have witnessed since the time of El Gallo!"

The woman in the velvet dress turned. "Olé," she said, softly, with a hint of a smile at the corners of her mouth.

"So, well, you can see, all of you, why I did not *hesitate* to put him on the same bill with Pérez and Lombardini." The large man snorted. "And if you two clowns are not careful, the little boy will steal all the glory, too!"

Juanito's body tingled. Even to be in the same room with these men whom he had seen before only as gods in gold thread, that was enough; but to hear these words . . .

"Great caution, Galvez," said Garcia, wagging his finger, "or the ears they cut will be yours."

Everyone laughed. Then the impresario released his grip. "I tell you what," he said. "You and Andrée get acquainted. Enjoy yourselves."

"Yes, Señor."

"Good!" Camara slapped Juanito's arm, hard, and wandered back to the crowd of people. Surprisingly, Enrique was drinking. In long swallows. Drink-

(continued overleaf)



"What a wild masquerade party! Two guys came as—say, who the hell were Romulus and Remus?!"

YELLOW BRASS (continued from page 18)

ing, then filling up, and drinking more.

"What shall I call you?" asked the woman whose name was Andrée.

"Whatever you like."

"Juanito?"

"If you wish."

A fast tune began to play on the phonograph; couples began to dance.

"Don Alfredo tells me you have style."

"Yes; because it's important, the most important of all. You—follow the bulls?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "It's a passion."

They looked at one another, silently, for a moment; then Juanito said. "Excuse me a moment; stay here; I'll be back," and walked to the other side of the room.

"Enrique, let's go home," he said.

"What?"

"Home. We must go home."

"Why?"

"I'm tired."

Enrique shook his head. "No; it would be an insult to Don Alfredo. A serious one. Do you want to offend the man who's giving you your big break?"

"No, of course not. But —"

"Then relax. It's early; only nine. Drink a little, talk to the woman."

"You said women were bad for me."

"Only the cheap ones, the whores and the children. This is a different thing. She's got class. Don't you like her?"

Juanito knew that she was staring at him. "Yes," he said. "She is very beautiful."

"Then what?"

"I don't know. A feeling —"

"Aah! Take your sad face away from here. I want to enjoy myself."

Juanito stepped back. So long he had known this man, so well; but never had he seen such a mood upon Enrique. Perhaps, he thought, it is his way of being excited. Certainly; yes!

"Care to dance?"

The woman, Andrée, was moving slightly in time to the music. Young, Juanito decided. Not so young as his own 19 years, maybe. But not much over. The flesh was firm everywhere, and everywhere smooth; incredibly smooth!

"If you don't," she said, "I'll tell Don Alfredo and he'll be angry. Now, take my arms."

"I apologize, I have grace only in the ring. I —"

"No, no. You're doing fine. Just twirl me a little, this way; now back, so. Wonderful!"

The music grew louder and faster and soon Juanito was remembering the steps that whore from Tijuana had taught him. He was beginning to like the nearness of the woman, though it still frightened him, and he particularly liked it when she clapped her hands and threw

her head back and then touched her hips to his.

"Well done!" cried a voice, Don Alfredo's.

"Yes!" said Andrée. "He is light on my feet!"

Juanito got the joke and laughed. From the corner of his eye, he watched the other men, the great matadors, and saw that they were dancing, also, with their women.

I am one of them, he thought, remembering the endless dream.

They accept me, I am one of them!

Andrée was perspiring now. Her rich black hair, like tiny slender strips of dark metal, hung about her face; her eyes were ponds in which the lights were swimming; and her lips, to Juanito, were the softest and fullest in all the world, half open always, revealing the whitest and straightest of teeth, the most quickly darting tongue that ever hid in the warm night of a girl's mouth . . .

"More tequila, torero?"

He started to say no, no more, but in a flash the woman was gone, and in a flash, back again.

"To us," she said.

Juanito drank. Then, as his limbs were losing all their weight, the music slowed, and the woman pressed her body close to his and put her face next to his face.

"Andrée," he said.

She made a catlike sound in her throat.

"Andrée, who are you with?"

She pulled her head back, lazily.

"With you," she murmured.

"No. That isn't what I mean. Whose . . . woman are you?"

Only the deep sound again, from her throat.

"García's?"

"Don't worry," she said. "You didn't steal me."

"Pérez?"

"I'm here as Don Alfredo's guest. He is a relative."

"Oh."

"Oh? You sound disappointed, Señor Galvez. Tell me, does the fruit always taste better when it's stolen?"

Juanito could not control the rush of hot red to his cheeks. "No," he said.

"No. No."

"Then why are you so afraid to take a bite?"

Her flesh burned against his, then, and his mind began to swirl. He saw the bull's head, dead eyes staring blindly down . . . "Forgive me," he said and made for the corner where Enrique had been drinking. As he walked he saw that most of the other guests had departed.

Of the matadors, only García remained, sound asleep on the floor.

A clock read 10 minutes until midnight.

"Hey, torero! Are you lost?"

Don Alfredo thrust out a pudgy hand. He came close, smelling of liquor and colognes.

"I didn't know it was so late," said Juanito, looking away from the fat glistening face. "Have you seen Enrique?"

"Your manager? The ugly one?"

"Yes."

"He is gone," said Don Alfredo Camara, grinning. "Too much tequila, I think."

Juanito felt a tightening in his chest. On this night of all nights, for Enrique to desert him! To go without a word! "When did he leave?"

"An hour ago. Two hours. Why?"

Once more, Juanito could not find the words.

"He was going to take you with him," said the large man, lighting a fresh cigarette from the one he had been smoking, "but I pointed out, how unfair! I told him we'd take care of you. And . . . have we?"

"Yes, Señor."

"So, then, everything is OK." The fingers dug into Juanito's arm. "Take it from one who knows, you must be calm, relaxed, the night before the big fight. So important. Believe me."

"Yes, Señor."

"The going home early is an old wives' tale, a fantasy. It doesn't work. You try to sleep, but instead you dream about the next afternoon. It grows real in your mind. So real. You hear the crowd screaming and you see the toril gate opening . . . so? No sleep at all. Next day you're a wreck. Logical. Juan Galvez? Reasonable?"

Juanito nodded. It went against everything he'd ever heard, against Enrique's advice, but it sounded right, somehow. Certainly it was true that he would dream . . .

"I apologize, Don Alfredo."

"For what? Go, now, go back and have some fun. Get yourself exhausted. Then sleep soundly!"

Juanito watched as the impresario turned and weaved his way back to the couch and sprawled, giggling, over the woman in the black dress.

"Your keeper is missing?"

The words were mocking. He wheeled. Andrée was smiling at him, her body still moving to the music.

"Enrique is not my keeper," he said, in a slow, even voice.

"No? Who, then?"

He took a step toward her. "No one." He pulled her quickly to him and pressed with all his strength. "No one."

(continued on page 56)

PARTY GAMES

a host of ideas to entertain your guests

EVERY SUCCESSFUL HOST knows that a good party provides much more than shelter and sustenance for the gathered revelers. The hors d'oeuvres and canapés, to be sure, must delight both eye and palate, the drinks should be concocted with skill and imagination, but once spirits are buoyed by these stimulants, the time arrives for games.

The right games will do more than entertain your guests. They will be the catalyst that turns a quiet soiree into a bacchanalia.

Your knowledge of your guests and the general atmosphere of your affair should dictate your choice of what to play from the following list. If your party people prove to be outstandingly *intime*, or grow so as the evening progresses, your imagination will suggest variations on

the games, and on the prizes to be awarded and penalties imposed.

BUZZ — Fine for warming up your party in its early stages, this one combines a numbers game with your liquid refreshment. Guests sit in a circle and, beginning with someone chosen by the host, count off clockwise. Any player who reaches a number with seven in it, or one divisible by seven, must say "buzz" instead of the number, at which point the counting reverses direction. A missed turn or a mistake means that the player must down his drink, then he begins the counting over again from one. Of course, those who miss a time or two will begin to feel the alcohol, and be more likely to miss again. The object of the game is to get to 50, but things get very



Couples are literally pitted against one another in the **Balloon Game**. Guy and girl try to burst a balloon between them by pressing their bodies together. The couple who busts the balloon in quickest time is the winner.



Goggle-eyed guest at center has just goofed on his turn of **Buzz**. Players in this numbers game must be alert. They count off clockwise; when someone gets a number with seven in it, or one divisible by seven, he says "buzz," at which point the counting reverses direction. Players who miss down their drinks, and each drink down increases chances of missing. More complicated version of game is called Ping Pong.



Under the Sheet (left) is a fine stunt to play on The Life Of The Party, or anyone else for that matter. A guest is placed under a sheet and told to take off "something he (or she) has on." Guest must continue to take things off under the sheet until he realizes that the "something" to be removed is actually the sheet itself. In **Haneymoon** (below), couple is given a suitcase with pajamas and nightgown in it. They must run to the bedroom, put the PJs and nightie on over their clothes, jump into bed, remove the night-things from each other, put them back into the bag, and run back to the other room. Couples are timed, and fastest gets a suitable prize, slowest a suitable penalty.



Seemingly simple-minded, **Ha-Ha** (below, left) is really a relaxing ice-breaker. Everybody stretches out on the floor with his head on someone else's stomach. At a signal from the host, everyone laughs out loud. Heads bob happily on the shaking tummies, the forced laughter becomes genuine, and your party is on its way. In **Fumble** (below), guests are blindfolded, after which they must try to find their dates. The catch is that talking is not allowed, so identification must be done by groping. Once dates find each other, they can remove their blindfolds and watch the others searching. The last couple to complete the game must pay a forfeit.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON BRONSTEIN



Feather-Fun (at top) tests lung power of your guests. Players sit in a circle, holding the edges of a sheet with feather placed in its center, the idea being to blow the feather away from yourself toward the other players; anyone touched by the feather must pay a forfeit. Above, teamwork is required in **Lifesaver**. Girl must pass Lifesaver on toothpick of male who must, in turn, pass it to the toothpick of the girl behind him.

tricky around 27 and 28, both of which are "buzz" numbers, which means a double reversal in direction and, often, much confusion. Strip Buzz is sometimes played in more sophisticated circles; players who miss remove an article of clothing instead of taking a drink.

PING PONG — This tougher variation of Buzz is guaranteed to tax your guests' concentration and step up their alcoholic consumption by several hundred percent. On numbers with three in them, or divisible by three, the player says "ping." On numbers with five in them, or divisible by five, the player says "pong." The catch is that you change direction in this game only when somebody says "pong." Both Buzz and Ping Pong should be played at a relatively fast pace; too long a hesitation in calling out the proper number or word should be counted as a miss.

CATEGORIES — Still in the circle, the players set a rhythm for this game by clapping their hands in unison. The host chooses the first player who, on the third handclap, names a category — for instance, cigarettes. Everyone claps twice more, then the next player in the circle must name a brand within the category; and so it goes, around the circle, until someone misses. Brands

(continued on page 70)



*way down yonder in creole-land,
there's cunning in the cooking*

MAGNIFIQUE MARDI GRAS MENUS

THE ENGLISH NOVELIST THACKERAY, a testy but thoughtful gourmet, found his palate appalled when he visited the United States—until he rode into New Orleans. There, to his delighted amazement, he found a city where “the claret is as good as it is at Bordeaux, and where a bouillabaisse can be had than which a better was not eaten at Marseille.” Thus did William Makepeace afford Creole cooking its first, well-deserved break into print. Lest his words and the return of Mardi Gras next month make you fall into the fairly common error of believing that Creole cooking and New Orleans are synonymous, however, you should know that areas generally included in the cartography of Creole culinery are Louisiana, Cuba, Haiti, Jamaica, Puerto Rico, Martinique, Barbados and Trinidad.

Upper-crust Creoles like to boast they're of pure French or pure Spanish or pure Dutch descent, but their cuisine, they admit, is of an altogether different lineage: here the blood is creatively mixed. Walk into a busy Creole kitchen:

food **By THOMAS MARIO**





St Charles THEATRE

STRONGS SALOON

RESTAURANT

RESTAURANT OYSTERS

SHERR

BIT

LO OF LA

you'll find careful cooks infusing their dishes with African gumbo, Spanish saffron, French capers, Italian olive oil and allspice from the jungle. Get on speaking terms with these cooks, and you'll learn that their art isn't mere conglomeration, however, but a kind of heavenly evolution, rich and free from affectation. Even when a Creole dish seems to be a straight copy of something European like onion soup, it usually reveals an added vigor, a touch of mountain chili peppers perhaps, or the fragrance of wild fresh marjoram, or the bright color of annatto seeds.

Caribbean cooks naturally hold aces in colorful fruits, being able to reach out the window, tear a plump lime off the branch of a nearby tree and swish its juice over a golden papaya; and the tropical fruits which are common in the States are handled in the most uncommon way by West Indian chefs; the banana will appear on a platter with wild boar, in a crisp croquette, as a stuffing for guinea hen, or in a delicate mousse; the juice of the lime will not only be flowing on any patio where rum punch is found, but also will be evident in the French dressing, in the breaded pork chops, or sprinkled over little mangrove oysters.

Thanks to the airways and other fast shipping, many of the lesser-known tropical fruits are now available to shoppers on the mainland. Fresh mangoes from Florida and Mexico are shipped in season to every cranny in the United States. Fresh papayas from Hawaii and the Caribbean are appearing in heavier supply each year. The large Puerto Rican emigration to the States has created a demand, in the Spanish neighborhoods of large cities, for such fruits as guava and plantain, a hard variety of banana which is always eaten in cooked form.

In gourmet shops you'll find a growing assortment of canned or preserved tropical fruits. A refreshing snack containing typical Caribbean fruits (although packed in Hawaii) is the 13½-ounce can of mixed frozen fruits in pineapple and papaya syrup. From Cuba, canned guava shells in extra-heavy syrup are a rare, four-star gourmet dazzler. Place the shells cold on a mound of sour cream, then drizzle the red guava syrup over the top for a lively, lovely dessert.

To test avocados, mangoes or papayas for ripeness, merely fondle the fruit—don't get a strangle hold on it—and if the flesh yields to the touch, it's ready to eat. The natives will insist that you wait until a mango is heavy and drowsy with ripeness, just a trifle overripe if possible, before eating. Then, they suggest, it's a good idea to don oversize oil skins as protection from the splattering

juice. You cut the skin away, petal fashion, from the top of the fruit, slice the flesh away from the clingstone, then bite into something sweeter than a peach and zippier than a pineapple.

Island-hoppers who've tasted smooth cocoanut ice cream served in the cocoanut shell, called cocoanut glacé, had better not attempt to duplicate this sweet savory unless they're willing and able to work with an ice pick, a heavy hammer, a grater or electric blender and an ice cream freezer. But there are dozens of other fruit dishes like the stuffed avocado (recipe below) which are velvet for anyone with a modicum of cooking experience.

The reason Creole seafood and fish are prepared with such rare charm and skill isn't hard to find. The pompano, the angel fish, the red snapper and others are usually carried in a straight line from the hook to the waiting pan. Surprisingly, one of the most popular of all staple foods in the Antilles is the dried salt codfish imported from Newfoundland. The fact that salt cod doesn't need refrigeration undoubtedly accounts for its wide use among the natives. But the way this dish is handled points up the advanced stage of Creole culinary civilization. It appears as *Bacalao à la Vizcaina*, actually following a classical Escoffier recipe called *Morue à la Creole*, which consists of poached salt codfish in a casserole with onions, tomatoes, garlic oil, parsley, potatoes and bread crumbs or bread croutons.

Creole cooks understand the difference between seasoning food to enhance its taste, and flavoring food to create a new taste, and they conjure with herbs and spices to do both. Where a bay leaf might normally be dropped into a pot and removed after its aroma has settled like a gentle smog into the food, the Creole cook may well take the bay leaf, chop it as fine as powder and then add it to the earthen casserole. He wants the flavor of the bay leaf to remain on your taste buds quietly but surely until the last drop of gravy vanishes from the plate.

Just as a Chinese chef knows that certain leafy vegetables must be sautéed in sesame seed oil for a certain characteristic flavor, or a French chef knows that fresh mushrooms must be simmered in drawn sweet butter to be at their best, so the Creole chef will insist on using lard in one instance, olive oil in another, butter in a third and rendered beef fat in a fourth. In New Orleans, no man begins an oyster gumbo until he has first made his *roux*, a mixture of fat and flour used for thickening soups and stews. *Roux* must be cooked until it has the exact aroma of hazelnuts. Fanatic attention to detail is the kind of open secret that transforms a good gumbo into a dis-

tinguished one. Perhaps the best example of fats artfully used is in the illustrious Puerto Rican *sofrito*, a purée or thick sauce with a ham base, now sold in cans in the United States. In Puerto Rican hotels and homes, the *sofrito* appears in hundreds of dishes, hot or cold, eaten with a spoon or served on a chunk of crisp bread, over fish or chicken or pasta. Made with pure leaf lard and olive oil, it's a blend of ham, vegetables and spices which never becomes monotonous, and actually creates greater relish the more widely it's used. PLAYBOY's recipe for *sofrito* and the tropical formulae which follow are all adapted for conquistadors working with available mainland foods.

SOFRITO (One pint)

- ¼ lb. cooked or canned ham, diced
- ¼ cup lard
- ¼ cup olive oil
- ½ teaspoon finely minced garlic
- 1 cup finely minced onion
- 1 cup finely minced green pepper
- ½ teaspoon oregano
- ½ teaspoon powdered saffron
- 2 whole canned pimientos, diced
- ¼ teaspoon coriander
- ⅛ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper

Melt the lard in a heavy saucepan. Add the oil, and heat slightly. Add the garlic, onion, green pepper, oregano and saffron. Simmer slowly until onion is a deep yellow but not browned. Transfer all the ingredients from the saucepan to an electric blender. Add the ham, pimientos, coriander and pepper. Blend until all ingredients are smooth. Stop the blender, if necessary, and force unblended food toward the knives. If the ham is very salty, no additional salt should be used. If canned ham is used, salt should be added to taste. *Sofrito* may be stored in the refrigerator until needed.

CHICKEN LIVERS WITH SOFRITO (Serves four)

Slowly heat 1 cup *sofrito*. Keep warm until served. Wash ¾ lb. chicken livers. Dry with paper towels. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and paprika. Dip livers in flour. Pat off excess. Melt vegetable fat to a depth of ¼ inch in a large heavy frying pan or electric skillet. Sauté the livers, turning when necessary, until light golden brown. Avoid overcooking, or livers will become tough. Arrange livers on hot fresh toast cut diagonally. Pour *sofrito* over livers. Garnish with large sprigs of watercress.

ROAST SUCKLING PIG, PAPAYA SAUCE (Serves 10)

All over the globe, roast little pig is featured for the celebration of the new (concluded overleaf)



*"I hope you don't mind, but the old bachelor apartment
is just the way I left it this morning."*

MARDI GRAS MENUS (continued from page 26)

year. You'll have to order it in advance from your butcher. It may be served stuffed or unstuffed. For stuffing, buy two bags of bread prepared for stuffing and follow the directions on the package, adding 2 cups diced apple or canned mango to give the filling tartness. If a stuffing is used, fill the body cavity and then sew it shut. Piglet can be eaten hot as a main course or cold on the buffet table. Don't expect to serve generous portions of pork when the piglet is carved. People love it mainly for the sweet deep brown cracklings. In the States the pig appears with an apple in its mouth. In the tropics a lime replaces the apple. The papaya sauce isn't the usual gravy, but a relish that should be served icy cold as a dip for the hot or cold meat.

10-12 lb. suckling pig

Salad oil

Salt, pepper

11-oz. can papayas in heavy syrup

½ teaspoon powdered ginger

¼ cup fresh lime juice

1 teaspoon soy sauce

¼ teaspoon Tabasco sauce

Have the butcher clean and prepare the pig for roasting, making sure that he has scraped it to remove any bristles. Wash in cold water, and dry. Sprinkle inside generously with salt. Add stuffing, if desired. Fasten front legs forward with skewers, fasten back legs rearward. Wedge a corncob or a block of wood in the mouth and wrap each ear with paper. Place the pig face down on a wire rack in an uncovered roasting pan. Brush the skin lightly with oil. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Dip a double thickness of cheesecloth in salad oil, and spread it over back and sides of the pig to prevent excessive browning. Roast at 350° for 3½ to 4 hours. Lift the cheesecloth from time to time to keep it from sticking to skin. It will not be necessary to turn pig during roasting. Throw off excess fat from pan, if necessary, to prevent smoke odors in kitchen. For carving use a heavy French knife or sturdy poultry shears. Place the pig on a large plank or cutting board. Front and back legs may be cut off whole like turkey drumsticks.

To prepare the sauce, drain the papayas, reserving 2 tablespoons juice from can. Dice the papayas. Place them in an electric blender with the 2 tablespoons papaya juice, ginger, lime juice, soy sauce and Tabasco sauce. Blend until smooth.

JAMBALAYA

(Serves 6-8)

Jambalaya is a New Orleans institution in a casserole. The number of ingredients automatically signifies that many versions are possible. The chau-

rice or chorizo, a peppery Spanish sausage, may not be available in your neighborhood. Fresh link sausages or Vienna sausages may be used instead. If possible use a deep round metal casserole for both cooking and serving the jambalaya.

3½-lb. fowl, boiled (save broth)

½-lb. slice ham

1 lb. medium-size shrimp

½ lb. chaurice sausages

1 cup diced celery

¾ cup diced green pepper

¼ cup diced canned pimiento

¼ cup minced onion

2 minced cloves garlic

3 tablespoons minced parsley

2 small bay leaves

½ teaspoon oregano

¼ teaspoon leaf thyme

⅓ cup butter

½ cup dry white wine

1½ cups converted rice

½ teaspoon chili powder

⅛ teaspoon ground cloves

Cayenne pepper

Salt

Remove skin and bones from fowl and cut into large dice. Cut ham into small dice. Peel and remove veins from shrimp. Cut sausages into 1-inch pieces. In a large heavy casserole, Dutch oven or stew pot, melt the butter over a low flame. Add the sausage, ham, celery, green pepper, pimiento, onion, garlic, parsley, bay leaves, oregano and thyme. Sauté slowly until onion turns yellow. Add diced fowl and wine. Simmer slowly 15 minutes, stirring frequently. Add 1 quart chicken broth. If flavor is weak, add a bouillon cube or two. Add 1 teaspoon salt, the chili powder, ground cloves and a generous dash of cayenne pepper. Add rice. Stir well. As soon as rice and broth are brought to the boiling point, reduce flame as low as possible. Cook, keeping pot tightly covered, 15 minutes. Add shrimp to pot. Cover with lid again and cook, keeping flame low, 10 to 15 minutes longer or until rice is very tender. Taste rice, and correct seasoning if desired.

RED SNAPPER IN FOIL

(Serves four)

4 6-to-8-oz. red snapper steaks

1 lime

Salt, pepper

Butter

½ cup yellow corn meal

½ cup cold water

1½ cups boiling water in saucepan

½ teaspoon monosodium glutamate

¼ teaspoon chili powder

2 tablespoons grated cheese

¼ cup minced green pepper

2 tablespoons minced onion

Mix corn meal with cold water. To

the boiling water add 1 teaspoon salt, monosodium glutamate, chili powder and grated cheese. Gradually stir in the corn meal, mixing well. Turn flame low and cook for 10 minutes, stirring frequently. While the corn meal is cooking, sauté the onion and green pepper in 2 tablespoons butter. As soon as onion is yellow, add onion and green pepper to corn meal. Remove corn meal from flame. Cut four pieces of aluminum foil, each piece sufficiently large to wrap each portion of fish separately. Grease the inside of the paper generously with butter. Place the red snapper on the foil. Sprinkle fish with the juice of the lime and with salt and pepper. Spread corn meal mixture on the fish. Fold ends of paper over to cover fish completely. Place fish on a greased baking pan. Bake, in an oven preheated to 500°, for 30 minutes. Fish may be served in or out of the foil.

FRUIT STUFFED AVOCADO, RUM DRESSING
(Serves four)

2 large ripe avocados

2 cups grapefruit segments

1 cup orange segments

1 cup fresh strawberries

8-oz. can pineapple wedges, drained

½ cup mayonnaise

¼ cup heavy cream

2 tablespoons dark Jamaica rum

2 teaspoons frozen lemonade concentrate

The total amount of fruit in this recipe will naturally depend upon the size of the avocados. Some are no bigger than a small fist, others are the size of a large coconut. Increase or reduce the amount of fruit accordingly. To segment the oranges and grapefruit, cut away all outer skin and outer white membrane, using an extra-sharp French knife. Then cut between the inner pieces of membrane to make segments. Frozen grapefruit segments, thawed and drained, may be used as a timesaver. Cut each avocado in half. Remove seeds. Brush flesh of avocado with lime juice or lemon juice to keep the pulp from turning dark. Leave skin on avocado. Place each avocado half on a dessert dish or small bowl so that it won't wobble. Fill with grapefruit segments, orange segments, pineapple wedges and strawberries. Keep in the refrigerator until serving time. Beat the cream until stiff. Fold the whipped cream into the mayonnaise. Fold the rum and the lemonade concentrate into the mayonnaise. Serve the rum dressing in a sauceboat at the table or pour it over the fruit just before serving. And you can forget the old gag about drinking the dressing and throwing the food away. This tastes too good.

HOLLYWOOD HORIZONTAL

humor **By MARION HARGROVE**

*battle cry
of a vertical
screenwriter:
my kingdom
for a couch!*



Hollywood executives say that "vertical" or "sitting-up" writing is a bugaboo invented by screenwriters, who pretend that their work suffers unless they are allowed to do their thinking lying down. The following dossier was removed by Mr. Hargrove from the confidential files of William T. Orr, executive producer, Warner Brothers TV. "All of the letters and memoranda," Mr. Hargrove informs us, "are believed to have come from the same typewriter, an ancient model such as is usually palmed off on scriptwriters. The few longhand missives show marked similarities in their calligraphy."

TO: Mr. William T. Orr
FROM: Mr. Marion Hargrove
SUBJECT: New Directions in
Contemporary Writing

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR:

I have been grievously concerned by recent complaints that my writing is becoming increasingly vertical. In the language of the layman, this means that it goes rigidly down toward the bottom of the page without ever noticeably broadening out. I am stunned by the charge but unhappily unable to refute it.

Vertical writing is a serious matter up with which we cannot put. It is a disease that must be treated as soon as it becomes apparent. This department is bending every effort to remedy the situation — to restore its output to a broad horizontal basis — but it cannot be adequately or permanently remedied unless we strike at its very roots.

The bald fact, sir, is this: Horizontal writing cannot be achieved except by a horizontal writer. Further, a writer cannot be considered as adequately and pro-

(concluded on page 36)

the Yawn by JULES FEIFFER

Harris had everything.



He had clothes (closetsful)



girls (closetsful)



and money (closetsful)



In a phrase - Harris had it made. He drove his own sports car. ~~zoom~~ He owned his own hi-fi ~~ROAR~~ He worked for a boss who loved him "HERE HARRIS - TAKE MORE MONEY!" Yes - his was a dream world, rich with all the good things, rife with all the blessings that made life worthwhile.

And then one day (in a very quiet way) It all began to go wrong.

Harris was in his sports car, zooming serenely along at 80 m.p.h. and just as he took a corner at 65 —



he yawned.



It seemed unimportant at the time. Harris forgot about it —

till the following evening, while listening contentedly to his Hi-Fi - just in the middle of an alto solo which always reached him —



he yawned.



The pattern had begun...



He yawned at parties.

He yawned at Brigitte Bardot movies.



He yawned while making love.

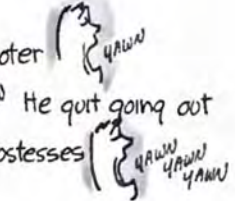


To his utter dismay Harris realized he was bored.
Something had gone wrong with his way of life.



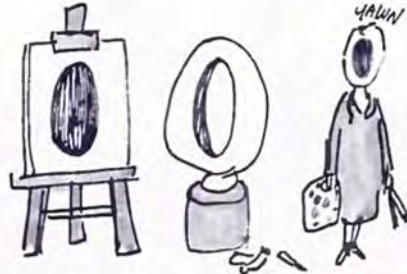
which he did. He switched his sports car for a motor scooter

He switched his hi-fi for stereo

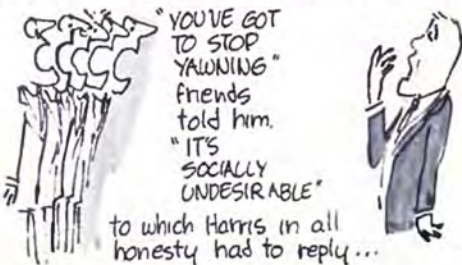


He quit going out with models and started up with airline hostesses
But none of it made any difference.

Friends now beginning to notice, delicately offered advice.



Slowly a change came over Harris. He found that after a while he didn't want to stop yawning.



YAWN - I COULDN'T CARE LESS.

So he lost his friends.



"YOU'VE GOT TO GET AROUSED" girl friends told him. "IT'S TRAUMATICALLY UNHEALTHY."

to which Harris in all honesty had to reply



YAWN - I COULDN'T CARE LESS

so he lost his girl friends.

He liked being bored. Through bleary, half closed eyes, no world problem seemed serious.



No rejection could have any meaning.

"FOR THE LAST TIME, HARRIS. STOP YAWNING OR YOU'RE FIRED!"



No discovery could cause disillusion.

"HARRIS I FEEL THAT I SHOULD TELL YOU NOW. I'VE NEVER HAD A LICENSE TO PRACTICE."



Harris saw that boredom was the answer! It could be mankind's tranquilizer! Boredom multiplied by millions could turn the world into an untroubled paradise! A veritable garden of monotony!

And now, knowing this at last, Harris saw that it was wrong for him to hide the message.

"I MUST SPREAD THE WORD" he yawned.



and so he began his career as a revolutionary.

He went back into the world that had shunned him.



And he yawned proudly, openly, and often!



He yawned at cocktail parties, at restaurants, at sports car rallies.



Yawning spread across the land like wild fire. It was the new craze.



People yawned at work



at play



in school



and in government

"WHAT AN INTERESTING PHENOMENON"
said the
sociologists -



"WE REALLY
SHOULD DO
A PAPER ON
IT."



But nobody did anything.
Or thought anything.
Or felt anything.



Then Harris
looked over
his work -
looked over
the
contented
mass
of
yawning
faces -



And he said
to himself
"THIS IS ALL
MY DOING!"
and he felt
a growing
sense of
achievement -
of satisfaction -



"I DID
ALL THIS!
ME!
ME!
ME!"

To which the people, in all honesty, had to reply - "WE COULDN'T CARE LESS"



And suddenly it dawned on Harris - he was no longer yawning (yawning face icon) sleepy (sleepy face icon) he no longer wanted to lie down and not care less.

he was no longer
"NO TIME TO WASTE!
NO TIME TO
WASTE!"



He was alive with plans! Why,
the potential for boredom
had scarcely been realized.
He had to design a letter-
head, form committees.
Boredom workshops must
be set up to fully integrate
monotony into the social
life of the community!

"SO MUCH TO DO - SO MUCH TO DO!"
cried
Harris.



and he ran off, wildly,
to start doing it.

the
end.



OPPENHEIM



The besuited camerateer at far left is sporting natural-shade pangee by Gordan of Philadelphia; about \$65, in a trim, conservative cut. Topping his cool comfort is a Dobb's skimmer; about \$7. The gentleman in the center likes his tie-print pangee jacket by Cricketeer; about \$45. This coat is at least one inch shorter than standard models and the shoulders, of course, are strictly his own. His trousers are just the right traveling companion the shorter jacket needs: reed-narrow, pleatless, no back strap, in a 5½-ounce wool-dacran worsted by Majer; about \$22.50. Guy on the right goes for his natural pongee in an *avant-garde* cut: his sports jacket is a shaped Edwardian model by Cricketeer; about \$50, that's a good three inches shorter than other jobs, boasts cuffs on the sleeves, no breast pocket. Completing the picture are his olive-green trousers by Rudd, in wool tropical; about \$22.50.

attire By BLAKE RUTHERFORD

TIME WAS, way back in pre-synthetic days, a snappily garbed, world-traveling Yank wouldn't think of stepping down a cruise-ship's gangplank in a tropical port without his trusty gray-beige silk pongee suit on his back. (Or, for that matter, out into the heat of the city in summer.) This fabric was the key to his warm-weather wardrobe for some nifty reasons: it was a strong, lightweight, crease-resistant, cool cloth that made up handily into an easy-fitting, good-looking suit — unlike its alternative, seersucker, which quickly got as crinkly as PJs. After too many years of neglect, pongee is once again filling an important spot among the traveling elite who demand the elegance and distinction this natural fiber affords. We predict that pongee (originally called *pen chi* by the Chinese, meaning home loom) will enjoy a return engagement in some of the best-looking resort and cruise clothes to hoist a gin and bitters anywhere the sun shines in January. The new generation of pongee shown here is a heftier-weight silk than it once was. Further, it is now (as never before) available in prints that turn up in a variety of tasteful sports coats. Note the way the natural neutral color of the pongee tames down the tie-type prints to give a coat the quiet elegance that is the hallmark of really right attire.

FAR-EAST FABRIC

*it is written: the return of pongee
makes cruise-wear fashion news*

HOLLYWOOD HORIZONTAL (continued from page 29)

ductively horizontal on a desk-top or on cold linoleum.

Various secondary officials of our little organization have made conscientious and valiant efforts to stamp out creeping verticality by procuring for the writer that indispensable tool of his trade: a couch. It is the writer's understanding that the undertaking has been given the sanction of your office, but has been tied up in committee somewhere down the line, most likely by the people who actually shlep the furniture around.

Whilst I am reluctant (even in a matter of such pith and moment) to use the nasty word "influence," I should appreciate any weight you might see fit to throw in the direction of getting me this traditional prerequisite of my profession.

In the almost immortal words of one of my British colleagues: Give us the tools, and we will do the work.

MARION HARGROVE

Mr. William T. Orr
Warner Bros. Television
4000 Warner Boulevard
Burbank, California

DEAR MAJOR STUDIO EXECUTIVE:

Is your operation functioning at peak efficiency? Are all the members of your team giving things the full pull? Or are you slowed down by that tired, sluggish feeling that comes of working with Vertical Scripts?

Independent laboratory tests reveal that horizontal writing cannot be achieved by vertical writers. In a fortunately dwindling number of script factories, the writers are still hampered by Tired Blood, blood which is plumb wore out from working its way *up* to the writer's head. Modern medical science knows but one remedy for this: let the writer lie down from time to time so that the blood can flow *sideways*.

Try the genuine-lath-and-plaster test. *Knock on the wall*. If your writer knocks right back at you, that's a sure sign that he is vertical. If he is vertical, you can be sure that you are losing valuable man-hours. Give him the sofa that nature requires, and you give him that Extra Surge of Power. You give him the opportunity to give you Horizontal Writing!

Lean back and enjoy that big-studio feeling.

Yours very truly,

FIVE NEW YORK DOCTORS:
Rivkin
Ravkin
Riskin
Ruskin
and Briskin

TO: Mr. William T. Orr
FROM: Mr. Roy Huggins
SUBJECT: Deplorable Conditions

DEAR BILL:

I can't sleep at night for thinking of poor old Hargrove sitting in his office all day long, day after day, bolt upright when he should be lying down thinking.

You know how quiet and uncomplaining he is, and how patient. You know, as well as I, that he would sit in there suffering in silence like some noble beast — without ever saying a word about the pain in his heart and the fatigue in his backside. He could never bring himself to ask us for the couch he so badly wants and needs.

I am a producer, yes. But I still have a heart. And it is slowly tearing my heart out, having to watch the daily disintegration of this first-class writing machine. Just for the lack of a couch, all of his get up and go seems to have got up and gone. Let us restore it to him before it is too late.

Besides, I am getting tired of his handing me nothing but his goddam Vertical Writing.

ROY HUGGINS

TO: Mr. William T. Orr
FROM: Miss Marijane Perkins

DEAR MR. ORR, SIR:

I am but a poor secretary, working for a poor writer, but I have my feelings just like you people who have pads on your chairs.

The gentleman I work for is Mr. Hargrove, who as you know is universally respected and loved by we common people. He is a good man, and he tries to do a good job, and he *so* wants to turn out first class Horizontal Writing like all them big \$200 a week writers, who he is every bit as good as — or would be if he was gave the chance. It is the most pitiful thing you could imagine to watch this poor man pining away all for the lack of one of those crummy Warner Bros. sofas.

What does \$27.50 mean to a big corporation like you?

Respectfully yours,
MARIJANE PERKINS

Moose Jaw, Nebr.

DEAR MR. WM. T. ORR:

I watch Malverik every week, even when it is a cow boy story.

My faverit is Jas. Garner and of course my faverit writer is Marrion Hargrove, just like every body else I guess. He sure can writ. But tell me Mr. Orr. How come is it that just lately his writing seems so god dam verticle.

Maby you have got him working with

out a couch ha ha. Please tell me this is not so.

Yours truley,
MYRTLE KLINEFELTER

A reminder, block-printed with red crayon, found attached with Scotch tape to Mr. Orr's toilet seat:

THINGS TO DO TODAY:
ARRANGE FOR HARGROVE'S COUCH

TO: Mr. William T. Orr
FROM: Miss Joanna Barnes

In the face of mounting unemployment, SAG requests you aid its members seeking employment. Please supply regulation casting couch in office of Marion Hargrove. Thanks awfully.

JOANNA BARNES

TO: Mr. William T. Orr
FROM: Mr. E. L. DePatie
SUBJECT: Shortage of Space

The warehouse people are complaining that they are up to their ass in sofas. Is there some way we can dispose of some of them?

E. L. DE PATIE

TO: William T. Orr
FROM: Mr. J. L. Watnet
SUBJECT: Morale

I'd feel a lot better if we could find a couch somewhere for Mr. Hargrove.

CHIEF

NYORK ABC BURBANK ATTN GAMSON
WINCHELLS COLUMN SMORNING SAYS HARGROVE WORKING AT WARNERS WITHOUT COUCH. PLS CHECK SOONEST AND FOR CHRISTS SAKE REMEDY IF TRUE. HAVE YOU PEOPLE NEVER HEARD OF PUBLIC OPINION.

CORDIALLY. GOLDENSON

TO: Mr. William T. Orr
FROM: Mr. Marion Hargrove
SUBJECT: Personal

DEAR BILL:

How very sweet of you.

Your lovely surprise arrived a few minutes ago in the middle of a very busy day, and everyone is so excited and thrilled about it that we are not even going to try to get any more work done this week.

It is a very lovely gift and a perfect fit.

How could you have known that it was a couch that I wanted more than anything in the world?

Your true friend,
MARION HARGROVE

P.S. I don't suppose they have any tables around that I could put my ashtrays on?





THE RIGHT APPROACH

*true love and strong waters
in the wilds of wimbledon*

fiction **By P. G. WODEHOUSE**

ABOUT ONCE EVERY TWO MONTHS, wind and weather permitting, it was the practice of Mrs. Elphinstone-Golightly, who was as confirmed a hypochondriac as ever bit a charcoal biscuit, to leave her residence in the London suburb of Wimbledon and go off to try some new spa. Every time she did so her daughter Evangeline had to go with her to keep her company. And came a day when the latter felt that if she ever saw another invalid, she would scream thinly and shoot six feet in the air with her hair standing stiffly up from the roots.

It was unfortunate, therefore, that Augustus Brattle, seeing the two at Droitgate Spa and falling for Evangeline with a thud plainly audible in the next county, should have got the idea that the way to win her heart was to look weak and fragile and talk a good deal about his symptoms, though actually he had none. Pity, he gathered from the experts, always leads to love. Get a girl's gentle heart bleeding for you, and the rest is but a question of time. In his own *Blood by the Bucketful* — he was a writer of mystery thrillers and had gone to Droitgate Spa to obtain background for a work to be entitled *Death Takes the Cure* — the heroine had not been attracted to the hero in a really large way till she found him in a minced-up condition on the sidewalk after having had a difference of opinion with the Black Spot gang.

It was not difficult to make Mrs. Elphinstone-Golightly's acquaintance, and he was chatting with her one morning about the odd feeling she felt in her abdomen if she drew a deep breath, when the girl joined them and Mrs. Elphinstone-Golightly said:

"Oh, Evangeline, dear, I want you to meet Mr. Brattle. He suffers from paresthesia, gastroenteritis and splenic anemia."

"And consumption," Augustus added.

"Oh, yes, and consumption. I have
(continued on page 66)

"It has probably not escaped you," said Oswald,
"that I am a trifle under the influence of the sauce."



"How warm do you want me?"

GIRL WHO WEARS GLASSES



pictorial

librarian virginia gordon: special edition in a deluxe binding



PLAYBOY has garnered Playmates from many walks of life, but a whiskered old prejudice about the plainness of librarians, as well as a Dorothy Parker couplet about girls who wear glasses, have hitherto prevented us from scouting the libraries of our land in search of gatefold glamor. A little unbiased cogitation, of course, should have led us to the conclusion that there's no reason why a librarian can't be as lovely as any other lass, as dewy as a decimal system, as stacked as the stacks she supervises; but that cogitation never got cogitated. Stepping briskly into an L.A. library in search of research, therefore, we were pleasantly surprised to find our eyes dazzled by something more than the afterimage of the California sun. The part-time librarian who offered informed assistance struck us immediately as Playmate potential, so we approached her about the possibilities of posing. She was, as these pages attest, agreeable, so we herewith present, as an incentive toward reading and education, Miss Virginia Gordon.



MISS J



JANUARY PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RON VOGEL



Ginny likes to spend her non-library time at water sports, chess and charades, and she admits to a secret longing to own a Corvette. Secret longings to own Ginny must make her a library liability: who'd keep books out long enough to pay an overdue fine?



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Hey, Sally," said the college man, "how come you're not wearing my fraternity pin?"

"But, Bob, it was such a nuisance," the pretty coed pouted playfully. "All the fellows were complaining that it scratched their hands."



Business was brisk for the pretty little callgirl at the bar, with a number of would-be customers gathered about her. "Bill," she said, "you can come over about seven-ish, and you, George, around eight-ish. Frank, I'll have time for you around nine-thirty-ish."

Then, obviously pleased with the prospects of a busy, busy evening, she spun around on her bar stool, surveyed the crowded club and caroled, "Ten-ish, anyone?"

Oh, you'll like it here," said the experienced steno to the new girl in the office. "Lots of chances for advances."



It was terrible, mother," complained the curvy teenager. "I had to change my seat four times at the movies."

"Some man started bothering you?" asked mother.

"Yes," said the girl. "Finally."

The voluptuous redhead was walking down a dimly lit street when a man jumped out of the bushes.

"Give me your money," he demanded.

"I d-don't have any," she managed to reply.

"Give me your money or I'll search you!" he threatened.

She repeated that she didn't have any, then gasped as he made a tentative

search.

"You'd better give me your money now," he said menacingly, "or I'm going to really search you!"

"But I don't have any!" she protested, almost in tears.

So he really searched her.

"I guess you were on the level," he finally muttered angrily, "you don't have any money on you."

"For heaven's sake," she wailed, "don't stop now. I'll write you a check."

At the inquest the coroner gently asked the widow if she could remember her late husband's last words.

"Yes," she replied. "He said, 'I don't see how they make a profit out of this stuff at a dollar and a quarter a fifth.'"

We know a girl who started out with a little slip and ended up with a whole new wardrobe.



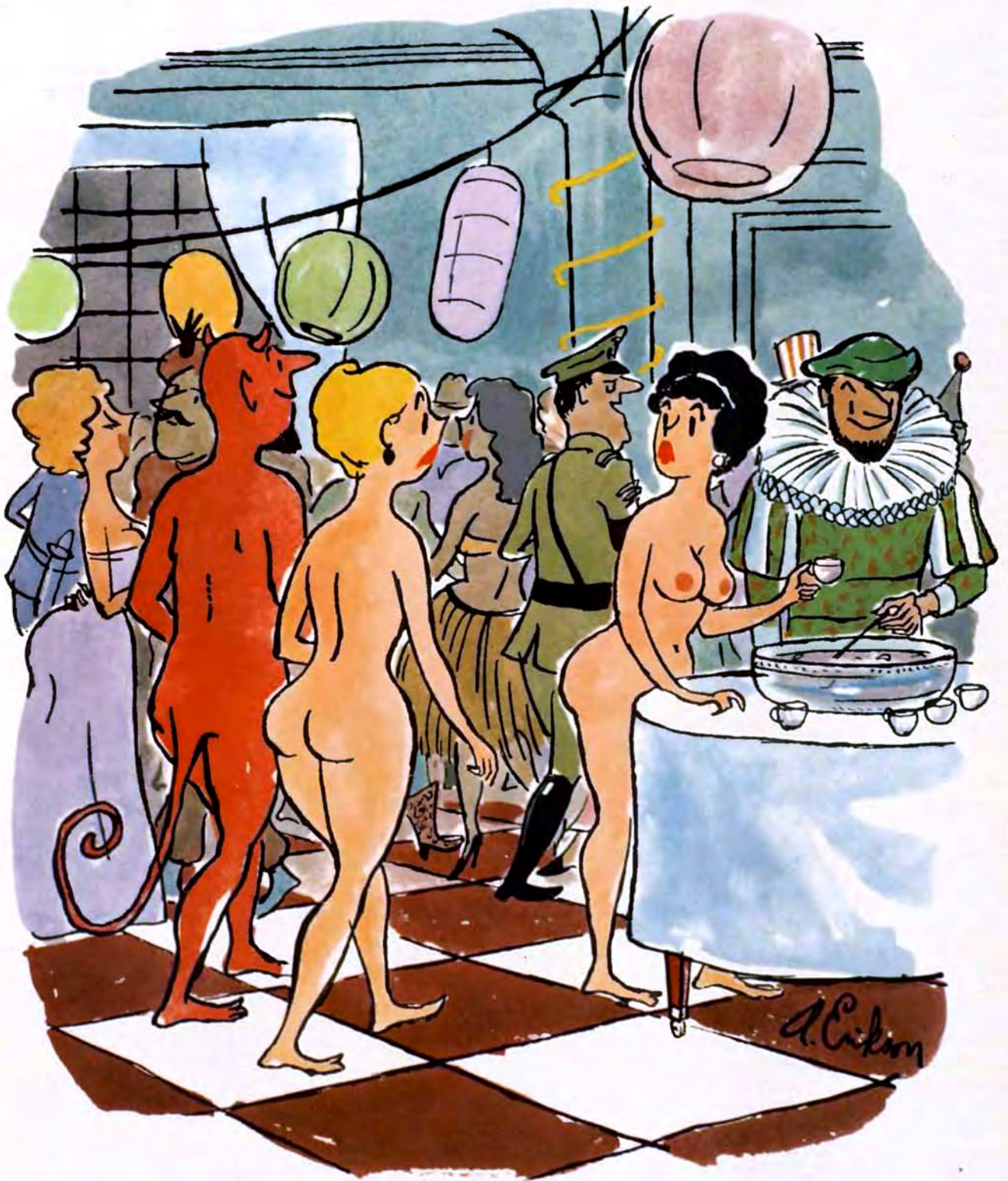
The meek little bank clerk had his suspicions. One day he left work early and, sure enough, at home he found a strange hat and umbrella in the hallway and his wife was on the couch in the living room in the arms of another man. Wild for revenge, the husband picked up the man's umbrella and snapped it in two across his knee.

"There!" he exclaimed. "Now I hope it rains!"

I'm so discouraged," said the lovely secretary as she bent down to pick up the papers she had accidentally knocked off her boss' desk. "Everything I do seems to be wrong."

"Oh, really?" said the boss. "What are you doing tonight?"

Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn an easy \$25.00 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment goes to first received. Jokes cannot be returned.



A DISH OF DESIRE

NATURALLY I LAUGHED. My tailor said Mr. D have you had the suit cleaned. I said no. He said don't, the material is a distinct liability, so watch it. So I said I was watching. He said don't sit down in it, and walk with a clean stride, you don't want it to crease.

When gay eyes examine me closely I want them to see the gold thread in the garment. So when we went to eat in the roof garden I threw my careless hand in the night air and said bring us fish. Other faces at other tables were white with happiness. Heads went back to let out the throat gurgle and show the teeth. Our jewels were discreet. We all wear the bright eyeballs tonight. My eyes have green centers. After I got my legs loosened under the table and nicely folded one on the other I said after smelling, this fish is fine. Smells come to me now of a strange nature and one particular one which my sensibility thinking of your sensibility makes me not want to mention. But it is this foolish thread of adventure which is woven in me so when she said:

"My Charlie, you is big and nice."

Eyes on her heart I dipped my face in the soup which I was eating with the fish and arranged the wind in my chest.

"Cynthia I am glad you have said that."

"Charlie, it was you who made me love you. Ha ha, you have the amplitude of a warehouse."

"Same to you."

"But kidding aside. But Charlie, I want marriage more than anything."

"It's the trouble I'm having."

"But we could be having a baby. Charlie, don't you want to reproduce? Don't you want me to have your child?"

"Hold it, Cynthia, hold it. In the nature of this argument where it seems we are not avoiding the facts, let me tell you something."

"I'm not a business acquaintance, Charlie. It hurts me when you talk like

that. Why don't you be honest."

"Marriage will destroy me."

"Charlie I like you. Look at me. I'm a woman begging for a baby."

"I'm telling you twice, marriage will destroy me."

"But what do you do with your free time anyhow, Charlie, tell me that."

"I roller-skate. If my tailor didn't object to rough treatment of my garments I'd ice-skate too."

"See your pastimes are useless."

"Cynthia, I had to work hard for what I am now. I was not exactly born in the gutter but I am now what I wasn't then and look what happened to my friends. You want to know what happened. No, you don't. Jake is surrounded. He is surrounded by humanity which is of his own making. Don't tell me it's a joke to have orange juice squirted up the nose by upstarts started with a jump in bed and maybe some ceremony that costs a lot of money. Don't tell me, why Jake is gray before his time. Why Jake sits there rubbing his hand over his head, speechless, stupid with the effort of fending off four savage kids. Sure Jake says standing in the lobby of my apartment, I'm sorry Charlie for the broken table. I said Jake, kids are no blessing I know but you don't have to pay me for the table. You think I want that."

"We can plan parenthood."

"What a laugh. Plan parenthood. You know what I'm like in bed. Maybe because you don't let me but how can I plan when I don't have the remotest control over my urges. When legally you got to give."

"I could urge you not to."

"Cynthia, God created us to do it. I'm not having any nonsense like that. Do what God wants you to, that's my motto."

"Soon as I say something, you get like this."

"Cynthia it's true. Why should I curb urge. Marriage is the sacred joining of two bodies where if God is willing two

people can at last have a little fun. That's why I still keep in good shape. When use of my body is finally called upon I can throw it into action and in this throwing into action I don't deem suppression of my natural wildness as good for me. Besides my doctor says so. He said let your natural wildness go. Naturally I'm waiting for the ripe time. Boy you've been some help. My doctor says I'm all right."

"Remember I've had medical overhauls too. Really complete and A-one."

"What, a specimen."

"He examined me for three days."

"Must of been fun. For myself my doctor only had to make me cough to see I was a specimen, a real one. Cynthia I'm svelte."

"That's what you wish you were. You got your share of lard. And your doctor, ha ha."

"He guided most of my family through their last illnesses."

"Boy what a recommendation."

"Cynthia, you want to know something. You really want me to tell you?"

"Let me tell you something, mastermind. Just let me tell you something. I don't need your body to get me pregnant. Just think of that one, will you, while you're at it. There are lots of men wandering around who would like what I could give."

"What are you giving."

"The companionship of an exciting mind. What I've wasted on you."

"This is ruining the fish meal as well as the suitable libation."

"We know you went to night school, Charlie."

"Libation is a word I have been acquainted with since childhood. I'm too young to marry."

"The way we argue about this marriage. For two years you kept saying it was money. Money! Look at all the money you're making."

"Don't forget my early struggle."

"That's a real laugh. You started with

*cynthia had some fine lines,
and charlie's line wasn't bad either*



one store. Then you got two. Then you got three. Then you sold them all. And got one big one. Then you got two. How could I forget your early struggle you repeat every time we go out plus all the things people did behind your back."

"I'm proud to say Jake is still my friend. My struggle was real. My struggle was not an accident. Social acceptability is open to me everywhere but before that my friends deserted me and did most unkind things behind my back for which I have not forgiven them and for which I drove them out of business. Was I supposed to laugh when they put dynamite in a bathroom fixture, right in the house I live in, my home, tried to blow me up while I was shaving. You call that funny."

"I call it funny you can't face a baby."

"Why don't we eat the soup, the fish and libate. I'm tired tonight. I know you for too long, Cynthia."

Cynthia with her high hair held with a spike of gold. Charlie, the love beast. I've always wanted to be a child of love. Like I am with things in my heart. In business they don't believe what the lips say, only what you get on paper. I'm not against babies. Or Jake's four kids. I love other people's little whippersnappers. I want Cynthia to come like a queen to my apartment. Right into my house. Maybe stopping outside the door to pick four lillies I grow there. I want her to hold them high. Rest them on her head. Then rest them on my head and take her hand to play in my hair. I want my door chimes to go on ringing. Those chimes are intimate to me. Because I chose them to play one single tune. A tune I heard after I closed my first big deal and was in a bus station where a kid was playing an instrument for a dime I gave him. I took that tune in my head back to my apartment. I sat down with a book and figured it out all by myself how to work it into chimes.

(concluded on page 50)





DISH OF DESIRE *(continued from page 47)*

Cynthia heard them and she told me if I ever wanted to marry her I better choke off those chimes. When she left after saying that, because I threw her out on her ass, I stuck a match in the bell. Went back to the living room floor and I cried. Only done that twice in my life. If that moment had only been otherwise. Cynthia, lillies on her head, put her hand in my hair which she wouldn't do unless I made her. Said maybe you have something I could catch. The chimes taught me a lot. In my own way, love is a thing I like to keep. Maybe it's a sound. A memory of a beautiful gesture. A keepsake of a king that I would be had four years ago she said sure Charlie I love you enough to let you do it. Her body had some fine lines. I don't want planned parenthood. To this day and from the day I met her through an introduction on the beach she teased me with the fine lines. These lines are not so swell now. I carried a cane with a fancy nob then and used it when I was only wearing a bathing suit. She thought it was so high class. I tried never to disillusion her from that observation. Four months later she was telling me a pair of striped trousers I was wearing was an obstacle to me going out with her. I put myself in the hands of the tailor, saves fighting, I say, blame him. I know what class can do to people and what people do to you if you don't have it. She said her father was an opera singer. Two months later I find it's a lie. I've been ashamed of my parents but I don't go around saying they sing operas. I tried to get her on the sand late at night on the beach the first day but the sandfleas were terrible. She said don't get too familiar.

"Hey Charlie, fussy face."

"Me?"

"Charlie the fish, the soup, all charming. And the libation you have garnered the meal with is subtle. I'm glad you can live the way you do."

"So am I."

"But we're young no longer."

"Cynthia, youth is not only being young. I have expanded with the years."

"Charlie I wish you had brutality."

"What's this?"

"If you had been a real bull in the past."

"Hold it Cynthia. Your suggestion is criminal."

"I know."

"Why did you make it for then."

"It's exciting."

"Don't try serving me with a dish of desire. I've had enough desire."

"You were just thinking of me on the beach that night we first met, weren't you? I know the look."

"I was not."

"You were. You always think of it."

"I regret you pressing me on this question."

"Oh yeah."

"I also regret you see fit to cast me in the shape of a person without candidness."

"You were thinking of me on that beach with my brown legs. I was in the surf then, I was lovely."

"Don't forget the sandfleas."

"Don't forget how you said you desired me because you loved me."

"Don't forget how you said I was the first man who ever said that to you so fast."

"Charlie, how did our love stop."

"Who said it stopped."

"I'm not stupid Charlie. Our love stopped. I've asked you for mercy."

"That's reasonable after four years of nothing."

"I've asked you for marriage."

"Yeah."

"To take me as I am before it's too late."

"Too late for whom, Cynthia, get it straight."

"I want you to tell me you love me."

"Eat your soup."

"Like you did that Easter time."

"The past is past."

"I wouldn't care if it was only some remark like saying, Cynthia you doll, or something like that. Words don't matter so long as you mean them. Charlie, you chopped me down. You really cut me down. The happy time when I made you the strawberry cake. You ate it like a starving animal and it was good to watch."

"Naturally, that was all I was getting was the cake."

"I was showing you my creative process in the home. That oven hasn't cooked a good thing since. Tell me why, Charlie. Why we sit here cut from each other. Sure you'll say when wasn't it like that. But even a libation doesn't lift the pall. I'm even glad you used that word tonight. I liked you for using it. I really did. I'm not changing my mind now just to please you. You've got command. I was thrilled by the way you ordered tonight."

"Let's face facts, Cynthia. I asked them to mail the menu to me last week. I rehearsed what I was going to ask for tonight for three hours this afternoon till I was nearly hoarse. Just to ask for three items on a menu. This is no credit to me. I've got a whole heart, the pumping parts of which are not eternal, although to briefly make a play with words, it's internal. But don't fool me, Cynthia. Flattery only makes me uncomfortable after four years."

"You still chop me down, Charlie. Chopping me right down."

"Cynthia, you're not going to suck

my blood in a marriage."

"I swear I swear I won't do that."

"Your bloom is gone. Now you want to give me a smell. I don't want to hurt your feelings. I'm not the large-hearted person you take me for. I had a love for beauty. Still got one."

"Charlie, you can take me tonight."

"No."

"Charlie, don't you want me?"

"No."

"Charlie, please, a chance."

"No."

"It's over. You're telling me it's over."

"It's over."

"I didn't think it would happen like this. Charlie, can't we relive it. Just relive some of the nights we went out and had such fun."

"Too expensive."

"You think you had to buy me."

"I bought you. I got companionship and comments on how I should behave to be able to keep paying you. Now tonight you make a special offer at half price."

"I was only keeping it for later. Saying it. All girls have to save something. It would have been such a treat for you because you've wanted it for so long and I thought you would go for it and like it because you were starved."

"What makes you think I was starved?"

"Aren't you starved for some."

"I'm distinctly not starved for some. I even know a woman who likes it."

"Oh."

"No surfeit but I'm not starving."

"Charlie, do me one favor. Don't look upon me in your memories as if I teased you with it."

"That's not asking for much. I will look upon you in my memories as if I saw you for what you are. I've got to. I can't make this mistake twice."

"You wouldn't even give me that. You wouldn't even let my memory be sacred."

"No."

"What would you do if I told you here and now I'm sorry for what I did. That I'm heartily sorry. That I would do anything to undo what I've done, even though it took the rest of my life."

"I'd tell you you were nuts."

"Not one vestige of mercy left in you, is there."

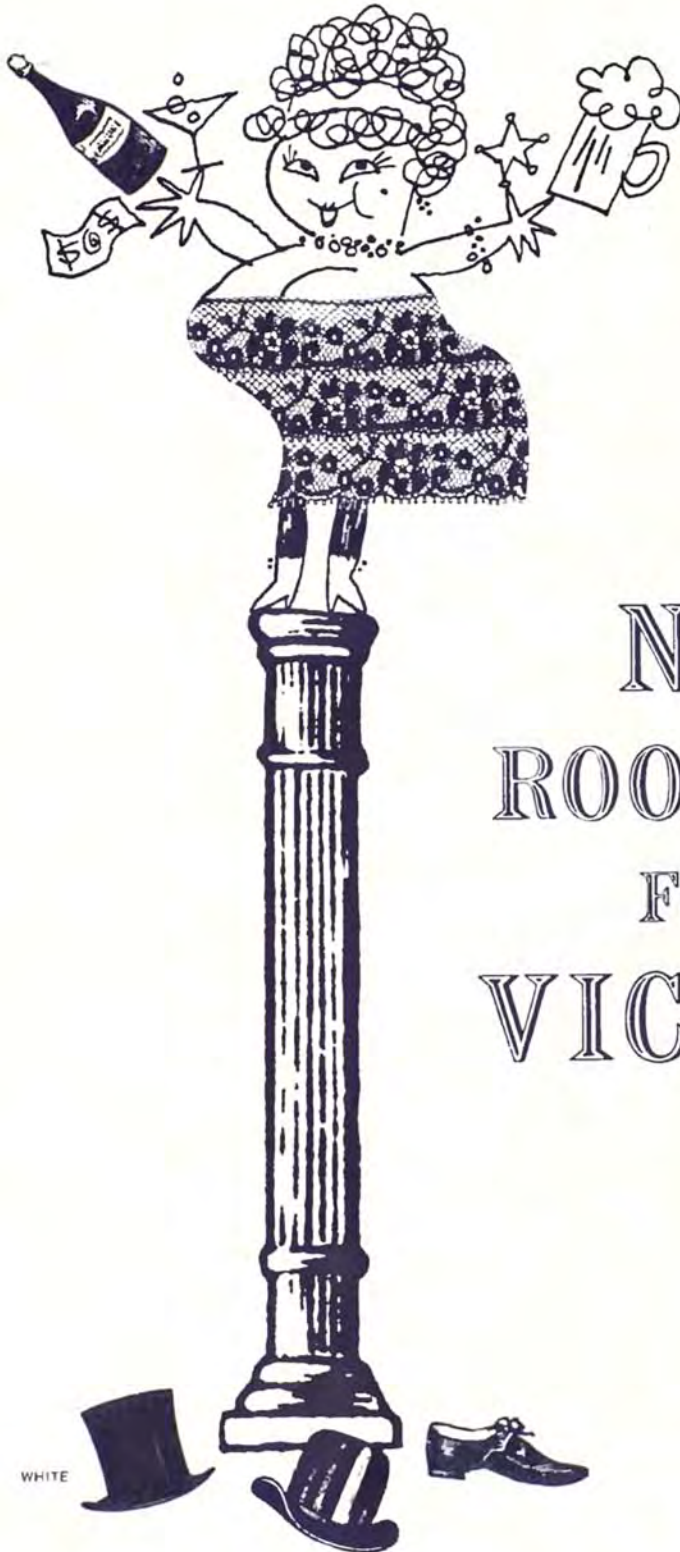
"No."

"I guess I just finish eating and swallowing the libation. Just like that. Just like squeezing this lemon. Then throw it away."

"Whose juice got squeezed out, not yours."

"Is there any use asking for another chance. If on God's earth there is anything I can possibly do to bring us together, you'll tell me won't you."

"No."



NO ROOM FOR VICE

"I WOULD LIKE A PROSTITUTE," I said to Mr. McNamara, who is a Chicago prosecuting attorney. We were sitting in a chewed-up office adjoining one of the municipal courtrooms. Court was in session.

"I'll try to dig one up," said Mr. McNamara and went out.

I had agreed to write a column for my old paper, the *Daily News*, such as I used to write 30 years ago under the head *A Thousand and One Afternoons in Chicago*. Prominent in my cast of characters had been the prostitute. She was always good for a bit of profundity and some sardonic phrases, and she couldn't sue for libel. I had my lead in mind—the wanderer returned to his native town found everything changed—except the lady of vice. In the midst of the atomic-age world there she stood, hangdog and unaltered before the same addled bar of justice.

Mr. McNamara came back in half an hour, winded.

"I've looked high and low," he said. "There is no prostitute on any of the dockets!"

"Maybe they're under some other title," I suggested.

"No, the title hasn't changed," said Mr. McNamara, "it's just that we haven't got one coming up for trial."

"Do you mean to say," I said, "that the police haven't arrested a single pros-

where are the pros of yesteryear?

titude all week?"

"As far as I can make out from a quick survey," said Mr. McNamara, "there hasn't been a prostitute arrested this whole year. We have a Japanese shoplifter coming up before Judge Heininger. Will she do?"

I said she wouldn't do and picked up the phone. I called the district police captain. It was a Near South Side district, once the center of the red-light traffic.

"This is the *Daily News*," I said, controlling a nostalgic sigh. "We're doing a feature story on vice conditions. When is the last time you remember a prostitute being arrested and held for trial, Captain?"

"You mean a white or colored one?" the captain asked.

"Either will do."

"There's been no arrest of a white prostie since I'm in this district, seven years," said the captain. "Last November we picked up a colored girl in front of a tattoo parlor. But, as I recall it, the charge was inciting to riot."

I went into the courtroom and listened to some testimony.

"That's a rather interesting case," Mr. McNamara whispered beside me. "The girl set fire to her father's bed and then tried to commit suicide by swallowing a box of carpet tacks. I'm recommending that she be psychoanalyzed."

But there were no overtones to the proceedings. This was not the kind of thing you can get sardonic or profound about. The sins of society are not involved in a carpet tack swallower. Without Society as a co-villain, a story has only two dimensions. At least, so I had taught myself on the *Daily News*. I stayed through the case of the Japanese shoplifter, and then left.

That evening I rode through the city as guest of Captain John Golden, Homicide chief. His side-kick, Detective Sweitzer, was driving. Golden showed me the new "black belts" of Chicago in which the million Negro arrivals of the past decade have taken up sardine-like residence. The colored situation in Chicago, said the captain, was worse than the situation between Russia and the U.S.A.

"That is correct," said Detective Sweitzer. "We have a 20 percent colored population now in Chicago. In 10 years it will be 51 percent."

My mind was on an older problem.

"Why don't the police arrest prostitutes anymore?" I asked my hosts.

"There aren't any," said the head hunter-killer of Chicago.

"That is correct," said Detective Sweitzer. "There aren't any prostitutes in Chicago for the same reason that there aren't any straw hats at the North Pole."

"They're not needed?" I asked, to make sure.

"They would starve to death," said Detective Sweitzer. "Every fourth female over 18 in the city of Chicago is very active sexually, either on a romantic basis, or a financial one. Usually on both." Warning to the topic he continued, "In addition there must be at least 100 thousand girls living in bachelor quarters where they are able to entertain their bosses and business associates. I have not, since I was a patrolman, heard of any male Chicagoan complaining about sex frustration. To the contrary."

"How about brothels?" I asked. "Are there a lot of them still around?"

"Brothels, shmothels," said Detective Sweitzer. "What kind of a mind you got?"

Ignoring this space-age detective, Homicide and I reminisced about the places my editor used to call "Houses of Ill-Shape."

"I can remember innumerable such centers," said Captain Golden. "They were very expensively furnished and the ladies wore ball gowns."

"That must have been around the time of the Fort Dearborn massacre," said Detective Sweitzer.

"No," said the captain, "it was after that."

Not too long. It was before my time but its saga was still brightly alive when I became a boy-reporter in 1910. Not only the saga but the events they told of were still aroar in the town.

Beginning in 1890, Chicago experienced a brothel boom unique in the Republic. Hundreds of madams from all over came sashaying into the great cow-killing metropolis, bringing their full staffs with them, including pimps and piano professors.

Thousands of venturesome young farmers' daughters and prairie village maidens came pouring out of the Santa Fe and the La Salle Street stations on their own. A few weeks later found them scented and silken-gowned in the Tenderloin havens. Around 1900 Chicago was the Republic's unchallenged center of bawdry. New Orleans, New York and San Francisco were unhappy runners-up. Vice in those communities was a glittering side-line activity. In Chicago it was half the town. Crystal chandeliers blazed in every third parlor on the Near North and Near South Sides. Pimps canvassed the city's office buildings like crack salesmen. Most of the city's cafés, theatres and rallying places were barred to respectable females. Only bawds enjoyed the town. On a Saturday night the tune-filled bordellos were as jam-packed as are the city's beaches today

(concluded overleaf)

man at his leisure

LE CAFÉ CHAMBORD, in New York, is inconveniently far from that city's more glittering purlieus. In decor, it is merely modestly pleasing. It is small: 100 people are the most it can seat at one time. Yet Chambord has been, since its founding in 1936, a mecca for the dedicated gourmets of the world. In the quiet of its simple luxury, which makes the ornateness of other posh dining places seem vulgar, the *haut monde* pays its respects to *haute cuisine* — at prices equally *haute*. Here the movers and makers of international big business — men like David Sarnoff of RCA, or Aristotle Onassis — lunch superbly at their leisure. Or a smart young couple — late risen and with a free afternoon — will feast sumptuously tête-à-tête in the intimate elegance of a secluded divan. Here, at evening, the famous and the great convene — with the chic-est of women — to celebrate Chef Grange's artistry. This is no pre-theatre dining establishment: it takes time to prepare and to savor the fine foods which are transfigured into culinary masterpieces by a cordon of chefs who may be seen — in LeRoy Neiman's painting — plying their art in full view of the patrons, through the glass wall of the kitchen. Each table is served by a captain, two waiters and a bus boy, aided by a wine steward who presides over one of the world's great cellars. René Dufau, the headwaiter, supervises a staff of 60. "A good waiter," Dufau says, "is able to serve a meal without being noticed." True; yet many diners who might feel justifiable confidence in selecting from the superb menu at Chambord prefer, nonetheless, to consult with one of the captains concerning just which dishes, in what order, will make a meal greater than the sum of its parts. But whether you make your own selection or put yourself in a captain's capable hands, whether you feast on *Le Roi Faisan à l'Estouffade Périgourdine* or *Le Tendre Caneton à l'Orange* et au Grand Marnier avec *Pommes Soufflées*, your repast will be fit for gods, your dining a memorable occasion.



Déjeuner

Le Café Chambord

803 Third Avenue, New York City

French Imported Champagne Cocktail 1.50



Le Roy Mercur

NO ROOM FOR VICE *(continued from page 52)*

on a summer weekend.

"Do you remember Lil Hamilton?" I asked.

The captain said he did. We talked about her.

She was called Queen Lil. She had a glistening snow-white pompadour of several levels. She weighed 200 pounds, dressed in cascades of black lace and carried a shepherd's crook.

On the opening of the racing season, she used to take her 14 girls to the Washington Park track in an old-fashioned tallyho. The girls, in lavender evening dresses, sat on the top deck, hanging onto their ostrich-plume hats. Two footmen in lavender knee breeches stood in the rear of the equipage and tooted long herald horns. Queen Lil, looking like the Victorian era in person, sat beside the driver who wore a lavender stovepipe hat and guided his six horses with iron wrist. Michigan Avenue's male pedestrians proudly returned Queen Lil's salutes as she passed.

Around 1908 another madam named Birdie leaned out of her South Side window on a summer morning and watched a street cleaner brushing away at the horse-favored highway. He was six feet two, broad shouldered, with a mop of black hair and big white teeth. Birdie called him to her side from his lowly chore.

"I need somebody to help me run this house," she said, "and I got nine other houses that need a steady hand. You can start with keepin' the books and seeing I don't get lonely."

Jim Colisimo grinned and took the job. Five years later he was vice lord of the town. He divorced his wife, the same Madam Birdie, and retired her from his enterprises. Potentate of a hundred bordellos, all booming like bargain counters, Big Jim endeared himself to the moral and legal guardians of the city with unprecedented gifts of cash. A patrolman could get rich just saying "hello" to Big Jim. His 22nd Street café was the toniest night spot in town, and packed till dawn with celebrities.

In Big Jim's café all was decorum. A pretty girl, with an innocent face and a high-necked dress to accent her modest airs, sang semiclassical ballads. She was beloved by Colisimo. Guests were permitted to applaud her artistry, but not to talk to her.

Colisimo's activities became so extensive that he imported a half-dozen bodyguards to watch over him. Among these was Al Capone of Brooklyn. Capone had recently been honorably discharged from the U.S. Army. His Army discharge card read "Capone, Alphonse. Character, Excellent."

Shortly after insuring his safety this way, Colisimo was shot to death one dawn while making a romantic call in the telephone booth of his café. A thousand city and state officials including high police officers, judges, aldermen, senators, prosecuting attorneys, lodge chieftains and the Mayor's staff attended, many of them in silk hats, the ex-street-cleaner's funeral. Bodyguard Capone took over the Colisimo empire of bawdy houses that reached as far as Rogers Park and Cicero—and added other enterprises to it.

When we finished remembering Big Jim, I asked Detective Sweitzer, "Aren't there any arrests at all anymore for violations of sex morality?"

"You are talking about a world that has gone," he answered patiently. "The only trouble you can get into in that department is if your wife catches you and she is not broad-minded."

"There are a lot of degenerates getting arrested," said Captain Golden.

"They don't count," Detective Sweitzer said, firmly. "Besides, degeneracy is one thing Chicago has never been famed for. So why open up the subject?"

We rode on. I mentioned London, Paris and Rome where I had recently worked, making movies. Those three cities, I offered, are full of prostitutes. They crowd the London night, and parade the Parisian and Roman pavements in platoons.

"Regular prostitutes?" Detective Sweitzer asked. "Or just amateurs taking the air?"

"I don't know," I said. "They hail you, smile at you, walk beside you and discuss their accomplishments and their modest cost."

"Sounds like regulars," said Captain Golden. "It's surprising they should still be going big in Europe."

"Hard to figure," said Detective Sweitzer.

It is. One has to imagine that sexual freedom is not so advanced among English, French and Italian women as among their Chicago sisters, and that the prostitute becomes, therefore, a demand commodity. But this is hard to believe. My observation in those countries is of no help. As far as I could make out, the women of their upper, middle and lower classes had much the same unfrowning attitude toward amour as is to be found in northern Illinois.

The persistence of prostitution in those lands may be due to a paucity of women. Or it may be due, more likely, to the fact that traditions die out more slowly in Europe than in the U.S.A. Prostitution, like the Lord Mayor's Hat and the Changing of the Guards, just

hangs on, out of a historical sense sturdier than ours.

"I wouldn't say that prostitution is through in this country," said Captain Golden. "Everyone knows there's a lot of vice traffic still going on all around. The underworld still rings up big grosses selling women."

"Where?" demanded Detective Sweitzer. "Name me one place where there are white slaves at work."

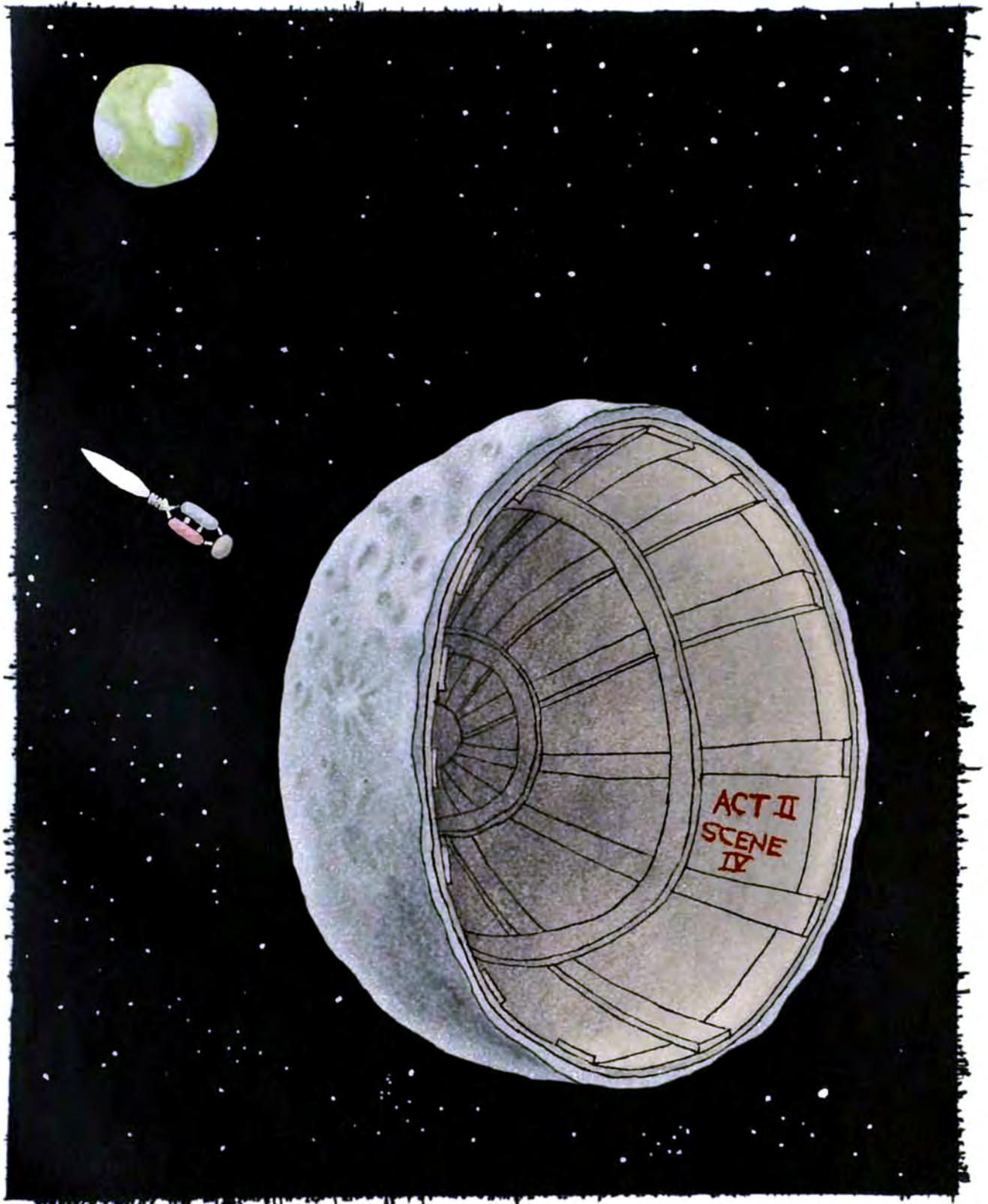
"It's not in our field," Captain Golden said. "We're homicide men. All we know about is murders."

"That's right," Detective Sweitzer stood corrected. "We've been trying to solve one for two years—me and the chief, here. A popular radio announcer gets himself killed by gunshot, and we can't even collar a suspect. Police work must have been easier and more fun when you could roll up a record pulling in prosties."

We rode in silence through the one-time saturnalian precincts of Chicago, the 20s and 30s along Cottage Grove Avenue. They had a garbagey look. I try not to be too sentimental about the past, but I could not help comparing these once gaudy stamping grounds to the prissy locales in which modern vice operates. The swanky cafés, full of ritzy-looking callgirls, the hotel suites reserved for out-of-town buyer amour; the back seats of automobiles, the untidied bachelor girl apartments, the dimly lit booths in cheap eateries, the friend's apartment borrowed for the evening with the phone ringing an unnerving obligato—such and countless other improvised rendezvous have displaced the old plush and crystal brothels. And the new servants of Venus pretending to be actresses, artists, book readers, models and honest working girls seem more designed for troublemaking than pleasure.

I have a memory of vice, with its devil's fire flaming in forbidden streets, as having been more diverting than the casual sinfulness of today. Obviously vice will never return in its old theatric guises. To have vice, and the hideaway world that goes with it, you have to have masses of people denouncing sex as the world's darkest evil; you have to have press and pulpit roaring that unmarried dalliance and extramarital adventuring will send their participants straight to hell. It is unlikely any such fine thoughts will ever sound in the Republic again.

In the local room of the *Daily News* the next day I wrote the story of the Japanese girl shoplifter. I put a lot of psychology in it. But it lacked bite. There were no overtones.



Gahan Wilson

"... Only a minute or so more and man will have his first view of the other side of the moon!"

YELLOW BRASS (continued from page 20)

he repeated angrily. "No one. You understand?"

Her eyes were big. When she tried to slip from his grasp, Juanito pressed harder. "Yes," she said, finally. His hands moved up to her hair; slowly he forced her lips to his; then, feeling a river of strange new sensations sweeping over him, he released the woman.

She stared at him, a difference in her eyes. Then she walked to the ivory closet door and returned.

"Help me," she said.

He held the dark fur jacket.

"Have you a car?"

"No," he said.

"I do." She put her arm through his. "Come on."

Juanito cast a glance back at the room. Don Alfredo was peering behind a gray curtain of smoke; there was no expression on his face, no expression at all.

The door closed.

In another room, in another part of the city, another door closed.

"Pour us a drink," the woman said, pointing to the night stand next to the large yellow bed.

Juanito took a curved silver flask from the drawer, unscrewed the top and let it dangle by its tiny steel necklace. His heart was pumping fast, the way it used to when he would steal into the big ranches at night and work the bulls by starlight and shadow. He was afraid. And that was why he knew he must not run, must not take a backward step.

He tilted his head and let the liquid fire sear down his throat; then he carried the flask to the woman.

She drank. He saw the muscles of her throat moving.

Together, in minutes, they emptied the silver flask.

Then the woman took off her coat, flinging it into a corner. In the dim light of the single shell-shaded lamp, her red dress burned into Juanito's eyes.

He moved toward her. Quickly, she stepped aside, twisting her body and laughing.

He shook his head. Again he reached for her, again she was not there.

"Heiiiiiii! Toro!" the woman said, softly.

Juanito lunged, missed, slammed against the wall.

"Toro! Toro!"

Then he felt the velvet in his hands. Soft as light, hot as a wound! So hot!

"Wait, Señor Galvez!"

He took his hands away, fingers spread, and watched as Andrée removed first the slender black ribbon from her throat, then the dress, the shoes, the silk stockings . . .

"Now, my torero," she whispered,

coming toward him, "let us see some of this style Don Alfredo talks about!"

* * *

In his mind was not the blackness of true sleep, but, instead, bright afternoon sun, the colors of the crowd, the sand against his slippers, wind, and the toril gate, opening, and from it thundering — Andrée . . .

"No!"

He felt the familiar grip around his arms.

"Not yet, Enrique. I'm tired. I've got to sleep some more!"

"Like hell!" Enrique's voice was loud. "Up!"

Juanito leapt when the water struck his face. The sudden movement made him aware of the ache in his head, in his muscles, of the empty throb in his stomach.

"What a filthy mess you are!"

He opened his eyes, carefully, and closed them. He tried to remember. "What time is it?"

"Late."

"I — Enrique, Enrique, get me a glass of water."

"Get it yourself!"

Painfully he moved to the sink and drank until he could drink no more. Then he turned and said, "I'm sorry."

The older man grunted. He walked to the window and stood there for a time. Finally, after many minutes, he said, "Forget it."

"You're not angry?"

"No," said Enrique Córdoba. His face took on a new expression: an expression of kindness, gentleness. "These things, they happen," he said. "You're young. I guess that once won't hurt you. How do you feel?"

"Fine," Juanito lied.

His manager lit a cigar and puffed on it. "You never had one with class before," he said. "How did you like it?"

"I don't remember."

"If you don't remember, then you liked it."

Juanito smiled. The ache in his stomach was great, but his relief to know that Enrique was not angry was greater. "You shouldn't have left me, Papa," he said.

Enrique's face darkened. "Don't call me that," he said.

"Just a joke."

"This is not the time for jokes, stupid. This is a time for thought."

"Thought! I've never been much good at it. You're my brains —"

"No! I am not your brains! I am not your papa! I am only Enrique, only that, understand?"

"Sure!" Juanito said, holding back his anger and his confusion. "Sure, all

right." He tried to whistle a miriachi tune, then stopped because it sounded bad. "You — want to take a trip down to the pens?" he asked. "I'd like to see my novillo."

"No; bad luck on the first one. I've seen him, he's nothing special. Just a big ox with horns."

"Big, you say?"

Enrique shrugged. "Nothing," he repeated. "You'll have no trouble."

"I still can't believe it," Juanito said, rubbing water into his hair. "Yesterday we were starving. That guy in Villa de Nombre de Dios — you remember? — Diaz; he wouldn't even let me touch his precious seed bull. And now, today —"

Enrique slapped his hands together. "No time for mooning," he said. "There are newspapermen coming. We'll have to rake out this corral."

Two hours later the men came. One, a thin fellow with a mustache, kept smiling; but that, Juanito understood, was because he did not expect much of a novillero. Novilleros almost always fell on their faces the first time out.

But not I, he thought.

And thought this until an hour and a half before the time of the event, with the people already filling the stands, seating themselves, discussing prospects. Then Enrique laid out the expensive suit of lights.

Slowly, skillfully, he dressed Juanito. Starting first with the taleguilla, the pants; and then the tassels on the knees; the shirt, the jacket, the vest, and the slim red four-in-hand tie.

"So," he said, moving back.

Juanito looked at his image in the mirror. It was the first traje de luces he had ever worn, and he felt great excitement and pride. "Enrique, it feels right, Enrique. Such a brave outfit. Who could be afraid and dressed like this?"

The manager picked up his cigar and refit it. "Nice fit," was all he said.

"Maybe," said Juanito, grinning, "we should leave me home and send the suit to fight, huh?"

Enrique did not laugh; he picked up the pigtail and clipped it to Juanito's head.

"Come on," he said.

They went out to the waiting car and rode in silence through the crowded streets to the Plaza.

When the car stopped, Enrique said: "How do you feel? I mean, *really*?"

"Fine, fine!"

"Liar!"

Juanito shook his head. "No," he said. "It's true. How else could I feel on the greatest day of my life? The day we dreamed about and talked about, Enrique, all those years! Remember? Think of them."

The manager started out of the auto-
(concluded on page 64)

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW



Above: Everything has a first, even a visit to a ladies' locker room. In May, Playmate Lari Laine took us to Knollwood Country Club and showed us everything. Right: Our Playmate for July won the title of the Laziest Girl in Town. Linné Nannette Ahlstrand told us she was allergic to exercise so she chose a reposeful pose. Below: Proving that language is no barrier, Swedish import Zahra Norbo knew what PLAYBOY readers liked in March.



JANUARY IS PLAYMATE PARADE time, a recapitulation of last year's lasses. It has always been an annual high spot for us, but this year it's even better than usual, since we presented a tradition-breaking baker's dozen in our last 12 issues. We went as far as Sweden to find one, then turned around to see another sitting across from us on our own fourth floor. Which of the lucky 13 gets your vote as Playmate of the Year?

a dozen-and-one delectables take a curtain call



Some wonderful things come out of California, and wine and women are not the least of these. In October we took a double sample of the products of that sunshiny state and came up with two lovely Playmates: Mara Corday (above), a dark beauty with auburn locks, as sultry and seething as rich mulled burgundy, and Pat Sheehan (below), a bubbling blonde whose champagne-like effervescence made us tingle from head to toe.



A hot dog sans mustard is no more disappointing than a picnic sans a pretty girl, so we made Myrna Weber our picnic Playmate in August. It's January now, but with Myrna on hand we wouldn't mind an indoor picnic.



If you're even a casual television watcher, you've undoubtedly seen Joan Staley (above) but never the way you saw her as Playmate for November. Below: Work can be fun, especially when you have Judy Lee Tomerlin on hand to take dictation. As our June Playmate, she followed in the steps of Janet Pilgrim and became the second staffer to stun our camera.



Left: A year's-end glimpse of our January Playmate, winsomely bouncy Elizabeth Ann Roberts. She started our new year off with a glow of youthful exuberance.



February has a lot to offer in the way of skiing kicks, and Cheryl Kubert (left) was all togged out with goggles and sweater to try a fast downhill run. But before we viewed our Playmate's ski-form we wanted to see her she-form. It was unforgettable. In September we met Saucy Sophomore Natalie (Teri to her friends) Hope, dramatics student at Carnegie Tech. She became our choice for that month after the slide-rule boys had elected her Playmate for their formal PLAYBOY party. Miss September proved perfect for this poshfest, and then when we posed her for our gatefold page we discovered that she proved perfectly pert and pretty as a magazine Playmate, too.



Two sun-loving Playmates end our recap for the year. April's Felicia Atkins (left) took time out from her spot in the chorus line at the Tropicana in Las Vegas to give us an eye-dazzling view of her charms, and December's Joyce Nizzari was back again after her sunglassed, bikini-clad self graced our July cover. The second time, no sunglasses, no bikini: just joyous Joyce and her big woolen sweater.





"Oh, to hell with doing a semi-nude — hang that sheet over the chair."

A VERY NOBLE GENTLEMAN, having been absent from home for some time, found an opportunity to come to visit with his wife, who was young, beautiful and nicely turned. To get there quickly he rode for nearly two full days and nights in a public stagecoach, arriving home quite late at night. His wife had already gone to bed, but at his approach she straightway awakened. For she was quite joyous to have the company of her loving husband, and expected that at the very least she would quickly have that little ration of wild oats she had done without for so long.

But her joy was quickly tarnished. Her husband found himself so tired from his two-day trip by coach that, despite her eager caresses, she could not arouse his sense of duty. Soon, indeed, he fell asleep without doing anything, and said only, "My love, the great desire I had of seeing you and my fond love made me come to you in haste. I have traveled all the way both day and night by public coach that I might sooner lie at your side. I am so fatigued that you must forgive me for this time."

Now the lady did not find this at all to her liking. Nevertheless, she had to be patient rather than passionate, and had no reward that night. The next morning she arose late and sat beside her husband awhile on the bed, but he lay sleeping still. Then at the end of an hour or more he too awakened, and while dressing, went to the window which overlooked the yard. There he saw one of his roosters crowing and strutting before a hen, but after these advances the rooster did nothing but turn away and scratch in the dirt for seeds.

The rooster did this same thing several times while the gentleman watched. But the silly bird did not then do another thing once he had gained the interest of his mate. Then he made similar advances to the other hens, deserting them too as soon as they took note of him, and he would go pecking in the grass and straw.

The husband watched for a while, then called his wife. "Let's chop off that wretched rooster's head and stew him for our dinner. For half an hour now that worthless fellow has flirted with the hens, but can do nothing for them but crow and scratch. If he is so impotent it's time to get rid of him and buy another."

"No, no," his wife answered coyly. "Forgive him this time. Perhaps the poor thing has been riding for many days and nights in some public coach."

And at this her husband, knowing well that such remarks were addressed to him, said, "My love, let's have a little bit of breakfast and then return to bed."

—Translated by John A. Rea

COCK OF THE WALK

Ribald Classic

A new translation
of a tale by Bonaventure Desperriers



"Let's get rid of that worthless fellow!" said the husband.



YELLOW BRASS (continued from page 56)

mobile. He was perspiring heavily, and his fingers trembled. The sounds of the crowd could be heard, then, suddenly, the music. He fell back against the seat and closed his eyes.

"Christ in His pain!" he said.

"What is it?" Juanito asked. "You sick?"

"Yes," said Enrique Córdoba. "Yes! Sick!" He covered his face with his hands. "Juan," he said, in a muffled voice, "listen to me. Listen to me. I'm a fool and more stupid than the most stupid ox and I'm putting a knife into my own throat to tell you this —" He removed his hands from his face. His eyes were berry-black and cold now, moving. "— But I am not a killer!" he said.

"I don't understand what you're saying."

"Then *listen*. I tell you! If you were not so dumb, so stupid, you'd have guessed it yourself! This deal — it's fake, all of it. Fake, Juanito! Engineered. You comprehend?"

"No."

"Why do you think Don Alfredo took you on?"

"Because he saw me fight, because he liked my style!"

"Your style! My mother! You have none, Juanito; none at all! This will hurt, very deep, but we're through, anyway, all through, so I'm going to give it to you straight." The older man paused, then went on, his words rushing together: "You're no good. You never were. I have seen children a hundred times better. But I stuck with you because you knew how to steal, anyway, and I did not like to be alone. It's true that for a while I thought I could teach you a little — but I couldn't; no one could. You were hopeless. Guts, plenty, more than enough — and nothing else." Another pause. "One night, when we were starving, here in the city, I went to the Café de los Niños. To see if I could borrow some money. I ran into a boy named Pepete, who works for Don Alfredo. He told me something. Maybe it would interest me . . ."

"Go on, Enrique."

"I will! The boy told me that business was getting bad at the Plaza. No torero, he said, had been killed for a long time. Too long. The people were losing enthusiasm. They were getting bored."

Juanito's fingers rubbed hard against the gold lamé of his suit.

"I got drunk," continued Enrique, "and this Pepete, he took me to the hotel of the impresario. One thousand pesos that fat slug offered me, Juanito. One thousand! To a man who had not eaten in a week!"

"What did he offer you the one thousand pesos for, Enrique?"

"Use your head! It's simple. For that sum I would guarantee you an unskilled novillero. Camara watched you in that pitiful spectacle with Pérez' bull a few days later, to make sure. And the deal was settled. You see?"

Juanito sat very still for several minutes, listening to the music of the band and to the people. Unable to believe it yet, he said: "You did not think I could stand up to a novillo?"

"Novillo!" Enrique wiped his forehead with a handkerchief. "Listen, the bull they have got for you has fought before, on the ranch; many times. He's twice as smart as any torero could ever be."

"And — the girl, Andréa, last night?"

"Of course! To be absolutely certain. The girl, the drinks!"

"Everything."

"Everything." Enrique lowered his voice. "Let's go," he said. "I have a third of the money; it will take us a few miles, then we can hide for a month or so . . ."

Juanito checked the hot rush of tears. Thoughts were leaping in his brain. He turned to the window, and saw the gaudy poster that had been pasted to the wall of the Plaza. GRANDIOSA CORRIDA! it said. GRANDIOSA CORRIDA! 3 MAGNIFICAS RESES 3! FRANCESCO PÉREZ — MANOLO LOMBARDINI — JUAN GALVEZ . . .

"No," Juanito said, turning back.

The older man stopped wiping his face. "Are you crazy?" he said.

"Maybe I am."

"Juanito, believe me, please: I have been in the business for 20 years. You don't have a chance. It's all against you. Three minutes you'll last, not a second more."

Grandiosa Corrida, said the sign, in a voice much louder than Enrique's. *Grandiosa Corrida . . . Juan Galvez . . .*

"Don't be a fool! I'm telling you the truth!"

"I know. I don't doubt you."

"Then what are you doing? Come on, now, while we have time!"

"Time?" said Juanito. "For what? For starving again, for stealing and running away? Time for that, Enrique?"

"It's better than having your guts slashed out by a filthy animal."

"Is it?" Juanito looked at the man who was his friend. "Let's go," he said. "It's getting late. Don Alfredo must be worried about his investment."

Enrique Córdoba hesitated. "You think you'll be lucky," he said. "Sure. You think you'll go into the ring and fight like Manolete, huh? Earn both ears

and the tail, and spit in Don Alfredo's eye. Juanito, I betrayed you. I admit it. But you *must* believe what I say now. Only in stories does it happen the way you think. The truth is that you are a dead man the moment you walk away from the burladero. One pass, two, maybe even three — you will have confidence. So, a little closer this time. Perhaps a Chicuelinas; why not? But the animal ignores the cape. Suddenly you see that he's coming toward *you*. You want to run, but no, that would be cowardly. Better to suck it in and pray. But God does not hear you, Juanito. His Mother does not hear you. And now it's too late! The horn goes in like a razor, deep, and starts up, through your belly —"

"You have the tools?" Juanito asked. Enrique Córdoba stared; then he sighed. "I have them," he said.

"Get them ready."

Invisibly, the older man straightened. Something was in his eyes; something entirely new. "Yes," he said, in a quiet voice. "Yes."

Juanito walked into the Plaza. Children screamed at him: "Hey! Matador!" He listened to the screams. He collected them. The screams, the soft smell of old wood and the sharp smell of the cattle, crowds above, the men who looked at him with sadness, love, respect: these things he forced inside him, forcing past and future out, for now.

Within the chapel, he touched the white lace, knelt and made the sign of the cross, as all toreros do.

Then, when it was time, he joined the procession, standing on the left of Francesco Pérez, who saluted him; and, to the music of the yellow brass, marched out into the ring.

The moments filled him. Standing quite still in the afternoon sun, he watched Pérez dispatch his bull; then Lombardini worked and was awarded one ear.

"There is an alternativa," whispered Enrique Córdoba. "You can pull out now."

But Juanito did not hear the words.

Waiting, he searched the faces along the shady side of the barrera; and found her.

"Va por ti, Andréa," he said. *I dedicate the death to you.*

And then he heard the swell of sound, the trumpets; and he turned his head.

The toril gate began to open, slowly.

Slowly, from the center of darkness, came a shape.

Juanito Galvez smiled. Stepping out onto the warm and welcoming sand, he wondered what he had ever done to deserve such good fortune.



grand gloves and suave scarves for warming up to winter

FINE FOR THE BACKWOODS and on campus are those yards-long mufflers and bear-paw gloves you see around. But for town wear, the gear shown here is preferred: lightweight, handsome mufflers that do yeoman duty warding off the worst of winter, and neat, elegant gloves with not a fur-lined job in sight. They complement your getup, and they're tastefully correct for business or other daytime activities. They go, like the man says, hand in glove with the rest of your duds.

We'll go out on a limb to recommend this arresting array of gloves and mufflers. Clockwise, from 11 o'clock: reversible scarf by Cisco, gray glen-plaid silk on one side, 40% cashmere and 60% wool on the other; \$12.95. Italian-made black leather afternoon glove by Superb, unlined, with hand-stitching; \$6. Blue-and-gray-check muffler made in Scotland for Abercrombie & Fitch, 70% cashmere, 30% wool, with fringed ends; \$8.50. Oyster-shade afternoon glove by Daniel Hays, with hand-cracheted back and Saxony goatskin palm; \$8.50. Italian-made maroon reversible muffler by Cisca, faulard and palka-dot silk on one side, 40% cashmere and 60% wool on the other; \$10. Stretch glove in capeskin by American Astral, one size fits everybody, hand-stitching and wool-lined; \$6.50. Dress Royal Stewart tartan plaid muffler made in Scotland, 70% cashmere and 30% wool; \$8.50. One-size stretch glove in brown antelope hide, with hand-detailing; \$10. Beige pure cashmere scarf made in Scotland; \$20. Peccary afternoon glove by Daniel Hays, hand-stitching; \$13.98.

attire

BRISK-WEATHER WEAR



RIGHT APPROACH (continued from page 37)

asked him to come and see us when we get back to Wimbledon."

"I hope to be a frequent visitor," said Augustus. "If," he added, with a hacking cough, "I am spared."

And a week or two later he was haunting Chatsworth, Wimbledon Common, daily.

At the outset of his wooing he had had some anxious moments owing to the constant presence at Chatsworth of Mrs. Elphinstone-Golightly's nephew Oswald Stoker, a gay and debonaire young man of a type no suitor likes to have associating with the woman he loves, and it was with profound relief that he learned one day that Oswald was earmarked elsewhere, being betrothed to a girl named Yvonne something who composed ballads. No doubt he had met her in the way of business, for Oswald was the London representative of Lester Clam, Inc., the New York publishers of popular music. Emboldened by this discovery, Augustus lost no time in asking Evangeline to be his wife, and you could have knocked him down with a salicylate pill when he heard her decline the offer. He had supposed that his gastroenteritis alone would have been enough to swing the deal.

All through the day and far into the night he sat in his rooms brooding on the girl's extraordinary attitude, and toward one in the morning he came to the conclusion that maidenly modesty had caused her to fluff her lines, and he decided that this theory must be tested immediately. The hour was a little advanced, but your impetuous lover does not keep his eye on the clock. Shortly before two, he was ringing the front door bell of Chatsworth, and after a considerable interval the door was opened by Staniforth, the butler, in pajamas and a dressing gown. His manner seemed a little short, Augustus was unable to think why, and it was almost curtly that he informed the visitor that Mrs. Elphinstone-Golightly and Evangeline were attending a dance at the Town Hall and would not be back for some time.

"I'll come in and wait," said Augustus.

He was in error. Even as he spoke, the door was slammed, leaving him alone in the silent night with nothing to do but stand gazing up at Evangeline's window. He was engaged in this occupation when a voice spoke behind him, causing him to break the European record for the standing high jump.

"Ah, Brattle, old friend," said Oswald Stoker, for the voice was his. "Gazing up at her window, eh? There is no healthier pursuit. Keeps you out in the open and fills your lungs with fresh air. But is window-gazing enough? I say no.

In this matter of wooing, everything, I contend, turns on getting the right approach, and this you have not yet got. I have watched with a fatherly eye your passion for my cousin Evangeline, and I feel that you have overlooked the one essential factor in winning a girl's heart. I allude to the serenade. Have you ever stood beneath her window and to the accompaniment of a banjo begged her to throw you down one little rose from her hair? I believe not. You should iron out this bug in the production at the earliest possible moment, Brattle, if you want the thing to be a success."

It had been gradually borne in on Augustus during these remarks that the other was, if not ossified, indubitably plastered, and it was on this aspect of the matter that Oswald Stoker now touched.

"It has probably not escaped you, my dear Brattle, that I am a trifle under the influence of the sauce. This is the inevitable outcome of dining, as I have been doing, with J. Lester Clam, my overlord, who is in London at the moment with vine leaves in his hair. I suppose there is no wilder Indian than the head of a New York music publishing firm, once he gets off the reservation. Relieved for the nonce of the nauseous daily task of listening to Tin Pan Alley songwriters doing their stuff, he has an exhilarating sense of freedom. He expands. He lets himself go. Well, when I tell you that in a few short hours J. Lester Clam got self and guest thrown out of three grillrooms and a milk bar, you will appreciate what I mean. Rightly or wrongly he feels that electric fans are placed there to have eggs thrown at them, and he saw to it that before we started making the rounds he was well supplied with these. He kept showing me how a baseball pitcher winds up and propels the ball. Speed and control, he told me, are what you have to have."

"You must be glad to have seen the last of him."

"I haven't seen the last of him. He's out there somewhere, exercising the dog."

"The dog?"

"He bought a dog earlier in the evening. He generally makes some such purchase on these occasions. I have known him to buy an ostrich. I suppose I had better be going and looking for him," said Oswald Stoker, and vanished into the darkness.

It was perhaps two minutes later that the dog to which he had alluded entered Augustus' life.

It was a large, uncouth dog, in its physique and deportment not unlike the hound of the Baskervilles, though of course not covered with phosphorus, and it seemed to be cross about some-

thing. Its air was that of a dog which has discovered plots against its person, and it appeared to be under the impression that in Augustus it had found one of the ringleaders, for the menace in its manner, as it now advanced on him, was unmistakable. A few words of explanation might have convinced the animal of his innocence, but Augustus deemed it wisest not to linger and deliver them. To climb the nearest tree was with him the work of an instant, and he crouched there in the upper branches while the dog, seeming puzzled, as if unused to having members of the underworld take to themselves the wings of a dove, paced to and fro like a man looking for a dropped collar button. Presently it abandoned the search and trotted off with a muffled oath, and some little time after that Augustus, peering down from his eyrie, saw Oswald Stoker returning, accompanied by a very stout man holding a bottle of champagne by the neck and singing *Chanson d'Amour*. They halted beneath the tree.

It would have been possible for Augustus at this juncture to have made his presence known, but something told him that the less he had to do with Oswald Stoker in his present unbalanced condition, the better. He continued crouching, therefore, in silence, and Oswald Stoker spoke:

"Well, well," he said, "my young friend Brattle, of whom I was speaking to you just now, appears to have left us. I was telling you, if you remember, of his love for my cousin Evangeline and of my wish to do all that lies in my power to promote his interests. Your singing reminds me that the first step, the serenade, has yet to be taken. Yes, yes, I know what you are going to say. You are about to draw my attention to the fact that he can't serenade her, if he isn't here. Very true. But what happens in the theatre when the star is absent? You put on an understudy. I propose to step into the breach and take his place. It would be more effective, of course, if I had some musical instrument, such as a clavichord or sackbut, on which to accompany myself, but if you would hum the bass, I think the performance should be adequate."

Lester Clam stood for a moment considering this. He shook his head.

"Gotta launch ship first."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Launch ship," repeated Mr. Clam. "Customary ceremony," and raising the bottle he held he flung it adroitly through one of the upper windows.

"Good luck to all who sail in you," he said.

It was Oswald Stoker's turn to demur.

"Now there, my dear fellow, if you don't mind me saying so, I think you

(continued overleaf)



"Bigelow — that 10-dollar raise you asked for last week — it's yours effective immediately."

RIGHT APPROACH (continued from page 66)

made a mistake. It is surely the bottle, not the ship, that should be broken. However," he went on, as the head of Staniforth the butler thrust itself out, "it has produced results. We have assembled an audience. You were saying?" he said, addressing Staniforth.

"Who," demanded the butler, who, like the dog, seemed to be cross about something, "is there?"

"Augustus Brattle speaking. Or, rather," said Oswald Stoker, starting to do so, "singing."

The sight of the protruding head had had the effect of rousing Mr. Clam to sudden animation. Once more Oswald Stoker was privileged to witness his impersonation of a baseball pitcher winding up. The next moment an egg, unerringly aimed, had found its target.

"Me and Bob Turley," said Mr. Clam contentedly, and with a word to the effect that there was nothing wrong with the old soup bone, wandered off. Oswald Stoker had scarcely had time to light a cigarette and enjoy a few refreshing puffs when he was joined by Mrs. Elphinstone-Golightly's major domo, carrying a shotgun.

"Ah, Staniforth," he said genially. "Out for a day with the birds?"

"Good evening, Mr. Stoker. I am looking for Mr. Brattle."

"You want him for some special reason?"

"I think he should be overpowered and placed under restraint before the ladies return."

"Why, what has he been doing?"

"He sang beneath my window."

"Rather a compliment."

"As far as I could understand him, he was requesting me to throw him a

rose from my hair."

"You didn't?"

"No, sir."

"Quite right. Roses cost money."

"He also threw an egg at me."

"So that is why you have so much yolk on your face. I thought it might be one of those beauty treatments, like the mud pack. Ah, well, young blood, Staniforth. At Brattle's age one has these ebullitions of high spirits. Much must be excused in the young."

"Not singing under windows and throwing eggs at three in the morning."

"No, there perhaps he went too far. He has been a little overexcited all the evening. We dined together, and he got us bounced from three grillrooms and a milk bar in rapid succession. Would keep throwing eggs at the electric fan. Hullo," said Oswald Stoker, as a distant splash sounded in the night, "I think a friend of mine has fallen in the pond. I will go and investigate. He may need a helping hand."

He hurried off, and Augustus was glad to see him go. But his pleasure was rendered imperfect by the fact that the butler did not follow his example. He remained *in statu quo*, and presently there was a sound of wheels and a taxicab drew up at the front door. Mrs. Elphinstone-Golightly and Evangeline got out. The former entered the house, but the latter, saying something about a breath of fresh air, sauntered in the direction of the tree. Staniforth's "Good evening, miss," coming out of the shadows like the voice of a disembodied spirit, startled her considerably. "Staniforth! What on earth are you doing out here at this time?"

"I am pursuing Mr. Brattle, miss. He

called shortly before two o'clock, and rang the front door bell. I informed him that you were not at home, and supposed that he had left the premises. Such, however, was not the case. Ten minutes ago he flung a bottle of champagne through my window, and when I looked out, expressed a wish that I would throw him a rose from my hair. He then hit me in the left eye with an egg."

"Mr. Brattle did this?"

"Yes, miss. I gather from Mr. Stoker, with whom I was conversing a short while ago, that his behavior throughout the evening has been on similar lines. He was a member of the dinner party which Mr. Stoker attended, and Mr. Stoker tells me he was instrumental in getting himself and friends ejected from three grillrooms and a milk bar. Mr. Stoker attributed his exuberance to youthful high spirits, and advanced the suggestion that such conduct should be excused in the young. I must confess that I am unable to take so liberal a view. I will now, with your permission, miss," said the butler, "withdraw to the kitchen and heat myself a glass of warm milk."

He left Evangeline with her mind in a whirl, and it was still gyrating when Oswald Stoker appeared, waving a genial hand.

"Hullo there, my bright and boundless Evangeline!"

"Oswald! What are you doing here?"

"Just winding up the evening. Oh, before I forget, my boss fell into the pond and is now in the hothouse, drying out. So if you go there and see a nude music publisher, pretend not to notice."

"Oswald, you're blotto!"

"It is virtually impossible not to be," said Oswald Stoker gravely, "when you have a night out with Augustus Brattle."

"Then it is true what Staniforth has been telling me?"

"What did he tell you?"

"That Mr. Brattle sang under his window and threw eggs at him."

"Perfectly correct. I was an eyewitness."

"And that he got you thrown out of three grillrooms and a milk bar."

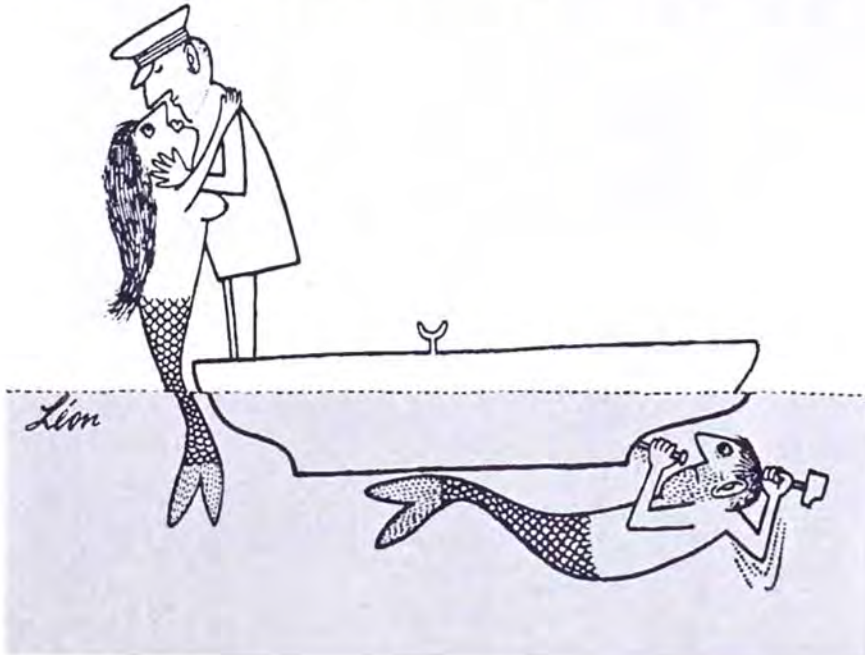
"Was it only three? It seemed more."

"But Mr. Brattle is a tottering wreck with one foot in the grave."

"You wouldn't think that if you saw him playing football. He turns out for the Aldwych Assassins every Saturday and seldom leaves fewer than five corpses on the field. Undertakers come in their hundreds to watch him." He broke off. Evangeline was shaking with uncontrollable sobs and gulping like a leaky radiator. "Why, what's the matter? Something wrong?"

"I have lost the man I love!"

"Where did you see him last?"





NORWEGIAN SKI-TROOPER SWEATER . . . all wool and authentic, this import from the Fjord country will warm a skier's heart plus all surrounding territory. Ribbed, crew necked, bulky knit to withstand weather. Gray only. Men's sizes: Small, Medium, Large; Women's sizes: Small, Medium, Large. Price pre-paid. \$12.95

Send check or money order to **ROYALS**
1159 North State Street • Chicago 10, Illinois

DIRECT FROM LONDON'S Bond Street



TWEED HAT

ORDER BY MAIL FOR SPORTS & LEISURE WEAR

Flawlessly tailored of handloomed Harris tweed. Perfect travel companion—stowable as a cap. Undaunted by any weather—sun, rain, wind. Classic styling in a sports hat that will last a lifetime. Comfort & distinction in the British manner. Our exclusive import direct from one of Bond Street's oldest and finest hatters who has served British gentry for nearly two centuries.

Neutral Harris Tweed blend of brown, green, blue, tan wool yarns **\$12.50** post-paid

FREE 72-Page CATALOG

America's most distinctive leisure clothing & equipment. Handmade leather shirts, jackets, boots in full range of styles and sizes, Western wear. Send for your copy today.

Norm Thompson

1311 N. W. 21st. • PORTLAND 9, OREGON • DEPT. AA

BE A BULLFIGHTER



Amaze your friends and family showing them that you are a famous Bullfighter. This JUMBO SIZE poster 100 x 50 inches, full color, will feature your name along with other courageous Spanish «toreros». In your den or Studio it will be a beautiful decoration for your friends. Order now. Send postpaid for only **\$5**. Money Back Guarantee!

ARTES DE ESPAÑA

José Antonio, 57 • Madrid • Spain

"Why did he not tell me," cried Evangeline, her voice vibrating with pain. "that he was simply putting on this invalid act to get in solid with Mother? When she introduced us at Droitgate Spa, I was thrilled. I had read all his books and loved them. He was so handsome, too. 'This is it, Evangeline Elphinstone-Golightly!' I said to myself. 'You need look no further for your ideal man.' And then he pulled all that stuff about gastroenteritis and splenic anemia, and I wrote him off. Romantically considered, he seemed to me strictly a cigar-store Indian, wood from the neck up. And all the time the poor lamb was merely giving Mother the old oil in order to kid her into inviting him to the home. I must find him and tell him I love him. But how can I find him? Where is he now?"

Had she waited a moment, she would have had no need to ask the question, for even as she spoke there was a rustling of leaves and a cracking of branches, and Augustus Brattle descended to terra firma like a sack of coals. Rising to his feet and reassembling his arms and legs, he directed at the girl a burning glance which seemed to her to go straight through her and come out on the other side.

"Au-ustus!" she cried. His sudden advent, so like the descent from heaven of Lucifer, son of the morning, had caused her to bite her tongue rather severely.

"Evangeline," he said, "I heard all! Correct me if I am wrong, but the impression I received was that you loved me. Did you mean it?"

"Ek, ek, a ousand imes ek!"

"She says yes," said Oswald Stoker. "And so came a day when the laughing love god threw his silken fetters about Augustus Brattle and Evangeline Elphinstone-Golightly. Hand in hand they wandered out into the sunset together to the land where dreams come true. Don't pinch that line, by the way. It's copyrighted. It comes from a ballad written by my fiancée and published by J. Lester Clam, Inc. And talking of J. Lester Clam, I must be getting along and finding how he is making out. Have you ever seen a New York music publisher sitting in a hothouse with nothing on except horn-rimmed spectacles? It is a sight well worth seeing, but not one that I would recommend to nervous people and invalids."

He disappeared into the darkness, but Augustus and Evangeline had not been listening to him. They were knit in an embrace which, had it occurred in a motion picture, would have made the Johnston office purse its lips and suggest the cutting of several hundred feet of film.



A TRAVELER'S DELIGHT . . .

Honolulu originated this finely tailored warm weather white evening shirt, but visitors assure us that it is also the practical answer to a traveler's dilemma. Simply wash and hang it up to dry. Within six hours your shirt is sparkling fresh, with all 32 full length tucks smartly in place, and ready for another evening of fun. 65% dacron, 35% imported cotton. Sizes 14 to 17½ in sleeve lengths 32 to 36. \$12.95, plus \$1.00 for tax and parcel post anywhere in the U. S. Send check or M.O.



EXCLUSIVE WITH **ANDRADE**

ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL Dept. PB • HONOLULU, HAWAII



Dunlee, Ltd., masterfully tailors for style-conscious men these slim-tapered, close-fitting slacks of luxurious 8½-oz. worsted flannel. Foulard-trimmed inside pockets and waistband. Adjustable side tabs. No back pockets. Available in Olive, Charcoal, Dark Brown, Cambridge Grey, sizes 28-42. **17.50**

Mail orders promptly filled

Al Berman
DEPT. PB, PHILADELPHIA 47, PA.

"Three Fine Men's Stores Serving Greater Philadelphia"



PARTY GAMES (continued from page 22)

can't be repeated, and when a player can't think of one in the time allotted by the clapping rhythm, he has missed. He must chug-a-lug his drink, after which he starts the clapping again and names a new category. Categories must be broad enough (automobiles, movie titles, mammals, jazz musicians, etc.) to go around the circle at least once.

HA-HA — More an ice-breaker than an actual game, this is guaranteed to change

the coolest company into a gregarious gathering. Everyone stretches out supine on the floor, with each man's head resting on a woman's stomach, and each woman's head on a man's stomach. At a signal from the host, everybody says "Ha-ha-ha-ha." With their heads bouncing merrily on the shaking tummies, most of your guests will soon be in hysterics.

KISS AND TELL — Best played when your guests are with dates whom they know

more than casually, this game might be preceded by a discussion among the men as to whether or not a kiss is individually distinctive. When you've got them disagreeing about any two girls kissing alike, introduce the game. Choose one man, blindfold him, and place him in the center of the room. He is then kissed by three different girls in succession, one of whom is his date. The girls don't speak, and the gentleman must state which is his. Each male guest must take his turn; those successful in identifying their dates may win a small prize.

GUESS WHO — More than a kiss is involved in this variation on the game above. Going to a separate room, the women blindfold one of their number; the men, meanwhile, are doing the same. The blindfolded man and woman, placed before each other in the center of the room, must guess each other's identity by touch alone. Neither is allowed to make a sound, nor are any of those watching. When one player thinks he knows who the other is, he may speak the name. If correct, he scores a point for his team. If incorrect, his voice makes it easier for the other player to guess who *he* is. Guessing continues until one of the players is identified. Then the game continues with two new players; the same player can be used more than once to confuse the other side. The team which first reaches a predetermined number of points wins. Players may be allowed to exchange clothing with other members of their team to make identification more difficult.

FUMBLE — This is similar to Guess Who, but involves everyone at once. All the men gather at one end of the room, the women at the other. After the host douses the lights, the idea is to find your date in the dark. Since no talking is allowed, braille is the only effective method to score an early win. When a couple finds one another, they retire to the sidelines. A penalty can be given the last couple to successfully search one another out. In a variation on this game, the guests are blindfolded, and the lights are left on. Once a man finds his date, they remove their blindfolds and enjoy the spectacle of the others searching.

MIX 'N' MATCH — This is a good game for getting guests to circulate. The girls leave the room, and each deposits an article of clothing in a basket. All girls must deposit the same article and early in the party it can be as innocuous as a shoe. The girls then return with the basket. At a signal, the fellows rush to it, grab a shoe at random, then go from girl to girl in an effort to find the owner and put the shoe back in place. The result is not only considerable ankle-massage



"Mr. Brown can't see you now. He's taking his coffee break."



A Sportsman's Pipe! Top graded African briar in hard-polished, temperature-tested white finish. Famous SVAL concentric fluting provides twice the cooling area of conventional pipes. Grip ribbed with genuine bull rhino hide... V-cut and recessed for finger tip insulation, cool smoking. Glistening ebony saddle bit equipped with aluminum filter.

\$7.50 PP
(check or money order)
DEPT. PB-1

Handsomely gloved and gift-boxed. Sent first class to speed delivery. Add 25¢ for air delivery

ERNST DE KOVEN Bx. 5, Centuck Sta., Yonkers, N.Y.



From
Old Mexico
**DON QUIXOTE
HAND-CARVED
STATUES**

17" high, hand-carved
by master craftsmen.
Natural wood color.

\$6⁹⁵ \$12⁹⁵

EACH. PPD. PAIR. PPD.

La Casa Del Toro
Dept. PB-1
P.O. Box 61, Indianapolis, Indiana

metrojazz

A PROUD NEW JAZZ LABEL
PRESENTS

**SONNY
ROLLINS
AND
THE BIG BRASS
E1002**

**UNITED NOTIONS
TOSHIKO
AND HER
INTERNATIONAL
JAZZ SEXTET
E1001**

BOTH NOW EXCLUSIVELY ON

METROJAZZ

RECORDED UNDER THE PERSONAL
SUPERVISION OF LEONARD FEATHER

A PRODUCT OF MGM RECORDS

FOLDING RECORD SCREEN



Holds 100 LP's

3 panel black wrought iron screen has 15 compartments, each holds seven 12" LP's. Display your colorful albums on both sides; accessible from any angle, front or back. Screen-off your own "hi-fi" stereo! These interlocking panels are 6 ft. high, 2 1/2" thick. Screen opens to full 36" wide. Sturdily constructed of 1/2" square steel rod. Vinyl top. Retail \$29.95 or cheq. **Direct Acct. Shipped Exp. collect. Wt. 35 lbs. 100% Satisfaction Assured with our Famous Air-Mail Money-Back Guarantee!** **\$29.95**

©LESLIE CREATIONS
Dept. PC, Lafayette Hill, Pa.

but permits male guests to meet, informally, women other than their dates. When the game goes into its second inning, the article of clothing might logically progress to a stocking—with even more rewarding results.

ADAM AND EVE—Here's a game that puts a premium on agility and fast footwork. The guests form a circle, joining hands, with one man and one woman in the center as Adam and Eve. Adam is blindfolded, and tries to find Eve within the circle by calling "Eve!" to which she must answer "Here I am, Adam!" When he hears the mating call, the man attempts to grab the girl, who tries to dodge him. The byplay continues against a one-minute time limit. If Adam catches Eve, he is allowed to leave the ring, choosing another man to take his place. If he is unsuccessful, the girl leaves the ring and chooses another girl to go inside. No matter who wins each round, the blindfold changes from man to woman each time, so that Eve always chases Adam after Adam has chased Eve.

FEATHER-FUN—Your guests kneel in a circle, holding a sheet by its edges among them. A single feather is placed in the middle of the sheet, and all begin to blow at it. The idea is to avoid being touched by the feather by exerting enough lung power to keep it away. Anyone touched must down his drink, and the game begins again. One of the simplest of games, this is also one of the most fun.

LIFESAVER GAME—Two teams are lined up side by side, alternating girl, boy, girl, etc. Each player is provided with a toothpick to be held in the mouth, and on the toothpick of the first person in each line is placed a candy Lifesaver. The idea is to pass the Lifesaver from toothpick to toothpick without the use of hands, and without dropping the Lifesaver. The team that manages to get the Lifesaver down the entire line and back again first, wins. If you're less interested in team competition, have your guests stand in a circle, and whenever one drops the candy, make him down his drink.

ORANGE GAME—In this one, similar to the Lifesaver Game, two teams, alternating men and women, attempt to pass an orange down the line with hands held behind their backs. Since the orange must be held between chin and chest, considerable body contact is required, which is, of course, the game's major charm.

BALLOON GAME—A man and a woman try to break a balloon, placed between them, by pressing their bodies together.



**FOR
MEN**

Authentic Reproduction

ENGLISH BOBBY'S CAPE

Rubberized fabric with wool backing—complete with badge. Great as campus coat, for sports car rallies, skiing, etc., etc.

GALS TOO!

Borrow it from him...for football games, ice skating—any active or spectator sport. Doubles as a skirt. Black with navy lining. One size only \$18.75 p. pd.

a shop **PACK-ROADS** for men
Longmeadow, Mass. Dept. PB1 Westport, Conn.



build
your own **HI-FI**

You'll save money—and have lots of fun, too, because **HEATHKIT** high fidelity equipment is designed by the pioneer in do-it-yourself electronics for your easy, quick assembly—even without previous experience!



HEATH CO.
A subsidiary of Daystrom, Inc.
BENTON HARBOR 38, MICH.

Please send me your FREE 56-page catalog describing hi-fi speaker systems, amplifiers, preamplifiers and tuners available in kit form, direct from Heath.

name _____
address _____
city & zone _____ state _____

write for free catalog

FI-RACK THESE RACKS HOLD 80 RECORD ALBUMS



A NEW CONCEPT IN RECORD STORAGE—DECORATE WITH YOUR ALBUMS!
 Stop hiding the beautiful women on your record albums! Decorate your den or living room with them. The racks shown at left hold a total of 80 records. Combine space saving convenience with the easy "drop-in," "lift-out" method of handling. FI-RACK consists of slotted aluminum bonds which fasten easily to the wall, holds 12" albums 8 deep. Satin gold or black finish in three lengths:
 1 Album length—12 1/4" (holds 8) \$2.50 ppd.
 2 Album length—24 1/2" (holds 16) \$4.25 ppd.
 4 Album length—49" (holds 32) \$7.00 ppd.
 (Adjusts for 7" albums too... 12 deep)
Show-White & Associates Dept. P19
 333 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 1, Ill.

Saint Louis Trading Co.

ASSERTIVE... DRAMATIC



RUANA*

FROM OUR SOUTH AMERICAN COLLECTION SETS THE STYLE FOR CASUAL, CAREFREE COMFORT!

\$14⁹⁵ ppd.

Personal touch of frat, sorority, or initials: add \$1.00.
SEND CHECK or MONEY ORDER
**trade mark*

Centuries old, yet de regleur for modern sportscars, skiing or skylarking. Warm, lightweight, 100% wool in red, black, beige, or red/grey plaid. One size fits both men and women. Direct from us or at better department stores and specialty shops.

402 SHELL BUILDING, dept. 1, ST. LOUIS 3, MO.



DON'T BE A "REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE"!



Join the exclusive Beat Generation.
 (At left) Men's Zip Collar Sweater
 Sizes: S, M, L, XL..... **\$4.95 ppd.**
 (Center) Girl's Boat-Neck Sweater
 Sizes: S, M, L..... **\$4.95 ppd.**
 Both Sweaters are quality fleece lined cotton, with words "The Beat Generation" and official seal on back, and "Ever Cool" beer stein on front.

(At right) The Beat Blazer. Quality khaki poplin with black ribbing. Perry Como style. Beautiful 4 color embroidered Beat Generation emblem on pocket. Sizes: S, M, L..... **\$6.95 ppd.**
 4 Color embroidered emblem for your own blazer. **\$1.95 ppd.**
 Quality felt Beat Generation Pennant (9"x27") **\$1.95 ppd.**
 With any order you receive **FREE**, Official Beat Generation Button, car sticker and identification card, No C.O.D.'s please.

JEM ENTERPRISES • #1 Crosswinds • SL Louis 24, Mo.

Cocktail napkins and glasses decorated with the famed Cole fmms from PLAYBOY. Surs to brsk ths lcs at any gathring.

PLAYBOY ICE BREAKERS

- Cocktail Napkins. 36 to a box. 18 differnt Cole cartoons. \$1
- High Ball Glasses. Set of 6. All differnt. \$5
- Double Old Fashioned Glasses. Set of 6. All different. \$6

PLAYBOY ICE BREAKERS DEPT.
 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill.



They are not allowed to use their hands. The couples are timed, and the fastest wins a prize.

PSYCHOANALYSIS— This requires someone to be it who is not familiar with the game. Our own A. C. Spector sky has described it wonderfully well in his book *The Exurbanites*:

"One of the group is selected to be it. It is told to leave the room, and that while it is out of the room the others will make up a story of some sort. Then it will be it's task to return and try to discover what the story is about by asking of everyone in turn whatever questions occur to it. The other people are restricted, in their answers, to a Yes, a No, and a Maybe. Once it is out of the room, the others will make up no story whatsoever. They will use up a little time to fill their drinks, tell a joke or two at it's expense, and remind any squares who don't know how the game is played (if indeed there is any square present aside from it) the real rules. The real rules are that when it returns, any question asked that ends with a consonant is answered with a No; any question asked that ends with a vowel is answered with a Yes; a question ending with a 'y' permits the answer Maybe. The point of the game is that it will make up his own story, and in the process disclose to the amateur psychoanalysts present, by his free-association, his unconscious fantasies.

"Lest the reader think that stories do not in fact come out. herewith, very briefly, are appended two actual stories as invented by unfortunate its for the delectation of their friends:

- "1. A girl midget, whose mother is also a midget, marries a boy midget. Goaded on by her mother, the girl midget on her wedding night has sexual intercourse with an elephant, and dies.
- "2. A sister shoots and kills her brother when she discovers him in her barn, using her milking-machine for the purpose of masturbation.

"Once there was a girl from whose unconscious appeared a story about a circus-train which was wrecked and spewed forth freaks who raped all the women living in houses beside the railroad track. When she was told it was her story, that she alone had supplied the details, she burst into tears and fled alone into the night.

"Stories like these could never be contrived by a group of people sitting around a room. They can only develop in the course of this malevolent parlor game. One hapless man invented the following story, in the following way. It: Is this story about people?

ANSWER: Yes.

(continued overleaf)

The World's First STEREO SCORED Orchestra



Hear and sense the result of scoring "101" String Instruments that creates a *depth* of sound in speaker to speaker counter lines without losing the *dynamic* values of either line. This is a *true* stereo realism in dimension and excitement.

Nearly three years of stereo music scoring and engineering experiments insure you of a program of musical taste and emotional depth never before achieved in the recording arts. Stereo-Fidelity records are priced at \$2.98 each 12" LP and have been manufactured to the highest possible quality level that can be reached by any label at any price. Twenty-one manufacturers of quality stereo components use these discs in their labs and sales rooms. It therefore becomes obvious that if your equipment is the best, use the finest stereo records in the world and at a truly sensible price.

From the staccato explosions of the castanets in SOUL OF SPAIN to the wailing horns in THE BLUES, from the erotic color of the oboe solo in PAL JOEY, the sweeping cascades and gossamer lines of "101" Strings provide a setting for your every mood and taste—and with a channel separation that puts you at the conductor's desk. Your volume controls become your baton.

Available everywhere. Each stereo 12" long play at

\$2.98

SF-4400



SF-5000



SF-5800



SF-6600



SF-6900



SF-4500



SF-6200



SF-8100



101 Strings

record exclusively for



Write for complete catalog to Dept.: RECORDS—Box #45, Swarthmore, Pa.

STEREO-FIDELITY IS MANUFACTURED BY MILLER INTERNATIONAL CO., SWARTHMORE, PA., U.S.A.

RECORD BROWSER



Holds 100 LP's

Chairside browser, puts record collection in order, the moment you receive it. Adjustable rubber-stops, allow collection to expand. Open front invites browsing from your favorite easy chair. Self-leveling vinyl dials protect floors and records. Sturdy black wrought-iron, 10" H, 14" W, 21" D. Please remit \$8.95, or cheq. Dinera! Accel. Small Express charge collected on delivery. Air-Mail-Money-Back-Guarantee. **\$8.95**

© LESLIE CREATIONS
Q24E, Lafayette Hill, Pa.

A NEW IDEA



Sweater-shirt for men, hand-tailored in pure wool jersey. Pin stripes in tones of blue, red, gold or brown. Notch collar as shown, or with shawl collar, V-neck or boat-neck. Specify collar style.

S, M, L \$15.50 postpaid No COD's, please

GROSVENOR GLENN

451A Sixth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.



Imported GENUINE ALLIGATOR SHOES
Bench made of finest genuine Alligator leather

You'll proudly wear this fine imported shoe . . . bench made, hand lasted genuine alligator. Fully leather lined. Rich Dark Brown color. Sizes 4 to 12. Medium and Wide width. Send size and width. \$35 Ppd. Order by mail with Satisfaction guaranteed. Send \$2 Deposit on COD orders.

NAVARRO BROS.

DEPT. P • 204 SAN FRANCISCO AVE. • EL PASO, TEXAS

YOU CAN BUILD THE BEST HI-FI . . . SAVE 50% WITH EICO®



NEW FM TUNER KIT \$39.95*
WIRED \$65.95*
COVER \$3.95

"One of the best buys in high fidelity kits."—AUDIOCRAFT Kit Report

Mail coupon for free catalog of 60 models of hi-fi, test instruments & "ham" radio gear. Kits & Wired — & name of nearest EICO supplier.

EICO, 3300 N. Blvd., L. I. C. I, N. Y. PB-1

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Add 5% in West.

IT: Is it about animals?

ANSWER: No.

IT: Then every character is a person?

ANSWER: No.

IT: No? Well . . . supernatural characters?

ANSWER: No.

IT: Is there a monster in the story?

ANSWER: Maybe.

IT: Well, let's see — does a woman give birth to a monstrosity?

ANSWER: Maybe.

IT: Well, does she?

ANSWER: Yes.

IT: Maybe? and Yes? Oh, it's two?

ANSWER: Yes.

IT: Siamese twins! Is there a crime?

ANSWER: Yes.

"And so it went. The story unfolded was of a woman who destroyed the Siamese twins she had born out of wedlock by ripping them to pieces with her bare hands. When it was told this was his own story, he reacted in the usual way, with hot denials. It was patiently explained to him, as it has been to every IT to date, that the completely mechanical and arbitrary method of answering gave him free choice at every turn, and that, for example, he might have started out by asking questions about time, locale, historical period, motivation, anything. Additionally, it was explained that the question as to whether the story was about people, to which an affirmative answer was given, might have satisfied anyone willing to think about people as distinct from non-people, but that IT insisted on having other creatures in his story, even after learning there were no animals."

The game can be ended when IT is told that he has wormed out the entire story as contrived by the group. "And now," you may ask, "what is your analysis or opinion of the person or persons at this party who would make up such a story?" IT may not be certain what to say to this. In the case of the man who conceived the story of the midgets, he shook his head. "If it were only one person," he answered, "who had dreamed it up. I could make a comment. But after all, all of you here had a hand in it." "But what," he was pressed, "would you think of a person who would make up such a story, supposing just for a moment that only one did make it up? In a word, what would you say about such a person?" The man who had been IT no longer paused. "If I knew that only one person had made it up," he said, "in one word I would say he was sick, sick, sick." Then he was told who had made it up.

IDENTITY — This also requires someone unaware of how the game is played to be IT, but isn't nearly as sadistic as Psychoanalysis. The IT is simply told that while he is out of the room, a

"ROCKS on the STICK"

Your guests will exclaim over these new rock candy swizzle-sticks, novel sweeteners for Collinses, sours, and other similar drinks. Ideal for the home bar. Box of 28, postpaid anywhere in U.S. — \$1.95.

VAIR-E-BEST CANDIES
16057 HAMILTON AVE.
DETROIT 3, MICHIGAN

From FRANCE . . .



Two matched Algerian Bruyere Pipes by Longchamp. Overlaid in genuine pigskin. Hand saddle stitched. Cool smoking — colors to beautiful patina.

Complete with pigskin zipper case . . . 3 gold-stamp initials free. A Magnificent Gift!

FRENCH IMPORTS \$17.50 P.P.D.
97 S. MAIN ST., Dept. PB-1 No C.O.D.
WILKES-BARRE, PA. Money-back guarantee

Reaching New Heights of Fashion

MONOGRAMMED CUMMERBUND SET

Personalized formal wear as distinctive as a fraternity pin. Your initials in formal script on silk satin buckle-in-the-back stomacher. Continental look in cross-over bow as shown or conventional clip-on or tie yourself bow. Please specify black, wine red or midnight blue, waist measurement and initials . . . up to three.

per set, **\$14.00** Send check or money order. (Using the Unique Program of a Distinguished Country)

Mr. Formal

Pronto service and satisfaction guaranteed.
8124 ROUTE 1900, BUFFALO 2, N. Y.



EVERY PLAYBOY SHOULD HAVE A RECAP AROUND EVERY BAR IN THE HOUSE

This drinker's necessity opens and reseals bottle with original bottle cap. Keeps flavour sparkling fresh! Only \$1.00 in standard finish . . . \$2.00 gold plated.

No C.O.D.'s please. Send cash, money order or cheque to:

RECAP

1807 South Clark St.
Chicago 16, Illinois

or Canadians to:

RECAP, 767 Warden Avenue, Scarborough, Ontario



SIGN OF A GOOD TIME!



PLAYBOY's delightful rabbit in a white felt emblem trimmed in black. For sweaters, beer jackets, parkas and you name it. Five inches high

and three inches wide. \$1 tax included, ppd.

Send check or money order to:

PLAYBOY PRODUCTS, Dept. 118
232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill.

CARTOON PRINTS

6 for \$1 Senoritas prefer them to etchings—these cleverly cartooned adventures of the intrepid matador and the philosophical bull—as seen in those Terry Brandy ads! For 6 prints, 8½" x 11", all different, send \$1 to Briones & Co., Inc., 85 Pearl Street, N.Y. 4, N.Y.



The bull, a notorious exaggerator,
Was vaunting his skill as a skater.
Said the matador, "Wait—
On the ice you are great . . .
But Terry 'n Soda is greater!"



Delicious TERRY SPANISH BRANDY is aged in oak.

Terry 'N Soda

1 or 2 jiggers TERRY • 2 ice cubes
Fill with soda water
(Terry Brandy also makes a smooth drink straight!)

84 PROOF • BRIONES & CO., INC., N. Y. 4, N. Y.

**no finer casual shoes
in all the world . . .
our own exclusive**

Italian Imports!

Hand-made original designs in the softest, most supple leathers by traditional Tuscan craftsmen on American lasts. Style No. M83 in light, pliable brown plush leather, with raised seams. Fringed tongue is removable, leaving a classic strap style.

SIZES 7 to 12, A to D
Specially priced at
\$27.50

only at

VOLARE

**VOLARE, Dept. P
Deauville Hotel
Miami Beach, Florida**

Please send me.....pairs of Style No. M83 in size.....@ \$27.50 per pair, including postage and insurance. Check or Money Order enclosed. (Orders from Florida, please add 3% Sales Tax)

Please send your style catalog.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Money back at once if not satisfied, of course

person will be chosen by the guests, and it must guess who the person is. He can ask questions of each guest in turn about the person's appearance, his activities, his personal life. Matter of fact, personal questions are encouraged. When it leaves the room, each guest learns that the person he is to describe is the one sitting on his right, and that he must answer the most personal questions honestly, and to the best of his knowledge. It can direct only one question at a time to each guest in turn, who must answer "Yes," "No" or "I don't know." The game ends when it guesses that the person he's after is "The Person On Everyone's Right."

CHEEKSY-WEEKSY—This is a game calculated to give you some good-natured fun at the expense of the perennial self-appointed Life Of The Party, or anybody else around the scene who deserves to be taken down a notch. While the sucker is out of the room mixing drinks or whatnot, explain the game to the other guests. When your man returns, seat everybody in a circle on a boy-girl-boy-girl basis. One of the participants starts the game by pinching the cheek of the girl next to him and saying, as he does so, "Cheeksy-weeksy." This bit of foolish flirtation continues around the circle. It will certainly seem pretty silly and rather pointless to the sucker. Unbeknownst to him, however, the girl who is tweaking his cheek has lipstick on her fingers, freshly applied from a tube held behind her back. As the game progresses to "Chinsy-winsy" and "Nosey-wosey," and other puerile variations, your sucker will become increasingly confused about the fun everybody else is having. If, by the time his face begins looking like a carnival mask, he still hasn't been able to figure out the reason for all the chuckling and sideward glances, a finale of "Mirrorsy-wirrorsy" with a girl's pocket mirror will do the trick.

CLAP HANDS—This is a variation on the old game of Hot and Cold. Once again, a guest is chosen it, and is sent out of the room. Then everyone agrees on something for it to do. Examples: Take the ashtray from the coffee table, empty it in the fireplace, and place it on the host's head. Or, kiss a particular girl on her cheek, pick her up, carry her around the sofa, and deposit her in another guest's lap. Once the action is chosen, it is called back into the room, and told that the guests will tell him what to do by the tempo and volume with which they clap hands. They begin to clap hands, rhythmically and quietly. It moves around aimlessly, and every time a random move or gesture approaches the desired action, the clapping increases in tempo and volume. A

nobody
makes
a Sour
like
Jack



In your next Sour, use Apple Jack instead of whiskey. It's a simple switch, but what a terrific difference! Apple Jack's rich bouquet, its smooth taste lifts your Sour out of the routine, gives it a fresh, appetizing edge. Remember: use Apple Jack. You won't forget it.



Apple Jack Sour

send for free recipe booklet

LAIRD'S APPLE JACK • DISTILLED SINCE 1780
84 PROOF • LAIRD & CO., SCOBENVILLE, N. J.

Caricature PERSONALIZED STATIONERY!

Beguide friends with this fresh idea in ultra-personal correspondence. Custom-printed on fine white laid 5½ x 8½ stationery with matching envelopes. *Original Caricature, Suitable for Framing, Will Be Sent to You With Your Order.* (All prices postpaid)

100 SHEETS 50 ENVELOPES	200 SHEETS 100 ENVELOPES	500 SHEETS 250 ENVELOPES
\$8.95	\$10.95	\$14.95

Send postcard for special prices on larger quantities and for list of other items available with your caricature.

Please allow 2 to 4 weeks delivery. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send check or money order (no C.O.D.s, Please) together with good, clear photograph or snapshot, name and address as you want it to appear and your choice of 1 of 3 attractive type styles.

BOBRIC STUDIOS Dep't A. • 155 East Ohio • Chicago, 11, Illinois

Specify type

Futura

Bodoni

Park Avenue

THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY!!

Proper preparatory attire for Friday's preliminary drinking bouts and the weekend's main events. For all "in" people who like to celebrate the end of each week's dreary sobriety.

In top quality heavy knit cotton with cotton-fleece lining. White with red and blue T.G.I.F. emblems (as shown) front and rear.

Available with crew-neck or with shirt-type collar and quarter-length front zipper. Sizes: S, M, L, & XL. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Only \$4.95 postpaid. Please send check or money order to:

T.G.I.F. ENTERPRISES, BOX 479, LAWRENCE, KANSAS



PLAYBOY ACCESSORIES FOR YOU AND YOUR PLAYMATE

PLAYBOY's familiar rabbit in bright rhodium on gleaming black enamel, attractively packaged in felt bag.

Earrings \$4.50

Cuff Links \$4.50

Bracelet \$3

Tie Tack \$2.50

The Set \$7

The Set \$6.50

Send check or money order to:

PLAYBOY PRODUCTS, Dept. 108 • 232 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois

wrong move and the clapping slows and becomes fainter. Before very long, he has completed the act. Acts of similar difficulty can be given a number of guests, who may then be timed. A prize goes to the person who finishes his act in the shortest period of time, with a forfeit for the slowest.

UNDER THE SHEET—This game also requires that one guest be IT, and cannot be played if the person chosen is familiar with the game. He (or she) is placed on the floor under a bedsheet and told that he has "something on" that must be taken off before he can come out from under the sheet; the game will cease as soon as he removes the right article. A whispered conference is then held among the guests to determine which article it will be. As he hands out each article to the host, it is casually deposited beyond his reach. Of course, the object he's really supposed to take off is the sheet itself. The interesting question is whether he will figure it out before it's too late to take it off. If not, he's vulnerable to a lot of teasing before somebody gives him back his pants. Or hers.

HONEYMOON—Props are needed here: a small suitcase, a nightgown, pajamas and a bed. At a signal, a couple takes the nightie and pajamas and throws them into the bag, runs to the bedroom, puts the pajamas and nightgown on over their clothing (in sophisticated circles, they're sometimes put on in place of outer garments), hops into bed, removes the pajamas and nightgown from one another, repacks, and returns to the starting point. Couples are timed, with a suitable prize for the fastest.

No matter what you play, however, a really good host never loses sight of one fact: each game is designed to please and entertain the guests. Don't worry about time limits, prizes or rules if you see that the guests are introducing variations on their own which are making it more fun for them. Your role is to create the atmosphere in which they may enjoy themselves to the fullest. You're not an umpire: you're Master of the Revels.

It's wise to end a game when you see it's reached its high point. Declare a winner and let all retire to the bar for re-fills. If you see a game isn't going over for some reason, don't try to force it. End it quickly and move to something else.

By introducing such stimulating games as these, you automatically enhance your reputation as a host a thousandfold. Other hosts, more lavish but less imaginative, will fade into obscurity. And available young lovelies will remember you, with a sigh, as the fellow who knows all those wonderful party games.



PUSH-BUTTON RECORD-CABINET



12½" wide
14" deep
14¾" high

\$35 in either natural or black naugahyde. Holds 50 LP's with their jackets. Designed by George Zandelin for iDG Inc.

iDG INTERNATIONAL DESIGNERS GROUP
Dept. P., 58 East 58 Street, N.Y. 22

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

(continued from page 14)

by Barbara Graham, the San Francisco "Tiger Lady" who went to the gas chamber in 1955. Susan's acting in this mélange of misery is top drawer, and since the movie makes it plain that Barbara was innocent, we are left with an incisive attack on the barbarism and inhumanity of capital punishment, and a sordid picture of a social order where legalism is more important than justice. The action is accompanied by a modern-jazz-oriented score (Hollywood still sticks to two pat formulas for jazz sound tracks: Dixieland for upbeat stories à la *High Society*, cool jazz when there's a theme involving dope, prostitution and other lowlife antics). It's a good one, by Johnny Mandel, that boasts the background blowing of Gerry Mulligan, Shelly Manne, Art Farmer, Bud Shank and Red Mitchell. And the movie itself is powerful, provocative stuff. You should pardon the grim pun, but it's a gas.

For our flint and tinder, the main spark of *Bell, Book and Candle* is struck by Janice Rule, a svelte cutie who plays the bitch—uppity Merle Kittridge, a character mentioned but never seen in the John Van Druten stage opus from which Daniel Taradash fashioned his impish and witty screenplay. Janice delivers her juicy, knifing lines with great savor, aiming mostly at book publisher Jimmy Stewart. She is fixing to marry him till Kim Novak, a no-fooling sorceress who boils and bubbles for the bookman, spooks him for herself. To help Stewart make a buck, Kim conjures up from Mexico a writing lush, Ernie Kovacs, to pen a best-seller on contemporary N.Y. witchcraft. The flick gets frantically funny as Kovacs gathers material by mingling with Kim's aunt, bumbling Elsa Lanchester; her deprived warlock brother, Jack Lemmon; and excruciating Hermione Gingold, the High Hag of witchery. The performances, especially by the British ladies, are dandy, though Kim is at a loss to express anger. Director Richard Quine has pounded antic, demonic fun into almost every facet of the plot: James Wong Howe photographed. Julian Blaustein produced and N.Y.'s Carlebach Gallery furnished the spooky props.

Clopping, clacking, buzzing, shrrking, squishing, whirring and gurgling: these are the major elements of Jacques Tati's latest spoof. An orgy for the sound man and a thin but immensely droll vehicle for Tati, *My Uncle, Mr. Hulot* pokes fun at modern inconveniences like grisly three-tone cars, torturous furniture, a garden so well landscaped it doesn't have flowers, and electric-eye living in general. Bumbling, dawdling, kindly Mr. Hulot, Tati of course, is

PENTRON STEREO

high fidelity tape recorders



professional performance at popular prices

Now, You Can Record Stereo, too...

with the most versatile tape recorder you can own... Pentron's totally new Emperor II. Records stereo from stereo broadcasts, stereo records or live from two microphones, plays stereo (4-track as well as 2-track tape), records and plays monoaurally... with all the richness and clarity you'd expect only from professional tape recorders.

Pentron tape recorders start as low as \$159.95 and are available at professional high fidelity showrooms. For detailed information on Pentron... the most complete line of tape recorders, components and accessories... write Dept. P-1 or see your yellow pages.

PENTRON CORPORATION

777 South Tripp, Chicago 24, Illinois

CANADA: Atlas Radio Ltd., Toronto

EXPORT: Raytheon Mfg. Co., Waltham, Mass.

Heart of Diamonds

Eight genuine cut diamonds to strike fire at the hollow of her throat. In 14k white gold with fine 15" neck chain. Actual size, 1¼". \$38.50, tax incl. Immediate shipment, satisfaction guaranteed. No C.O.D.'s, please

Catalog on Request *Holiday House*

51 Bellevue Theatre Bldg., Upper Montclair, N. J.

MEET HIPPER

A handy flask that will hold anything in his 8 oz. unbreakable frame. He'll bring cheer wherever you take him, on the slopes, at parties, etc. \$2.00 Send check or ppd. money order to:

PLEASURE PRODUCTS
116-02 Merrick Rd.
Jamaica 34, N. Y.

A RECORD FOR EX-G.I.'s

DOUBLE TIME!!
Army basic training in sound

There's no better way of bringing back your Army memories than with **DOUBLE TIME**, an on-the-spot documentary recording of Army Basic Training. It's an echo from your past that you'll want for yourself or as a gift for that old Army buddy. Everything from the Top Sergeant's bark to the overhead fire of the infiltration course... from the scuttlebutt in the barracks to the sound of the G.I. Brush. This 12" LP, **DOUBLE TIME**, is just \$3.98. Ex Gobs. if you want to stretch your sea legs, order **BOOT CAMP**, just \$3.98. Send check or money order, NO C.O.D.'s. to

SOUNDS OF: DOCUMENTARY RECORDINGS
P.O. BOX 24605 LOS ANGELES 24, CALIFORNIA
(California residents add 4% sales tax)

DO YOU HAVE AN OLDER RELATIVE 60 to 80 WITHOUT ENOUGH LIFE INSURANCE

Even though an older member of your family is past 60, it is still possible to apply for a \$1,000 life insurance policy — through Old American of Kansas City, an old line legal reserve company.

You handle the entire transaction by mail with **OLD AMERICAN OF KANSAS CITY**. No one will call on you.

Write today for free information. Simply mail postcard or letter (giving year of birth) to Old American Ins. Co., 1 W. 9th, Dept. L163N, Kansas City, Mo.

ITALIAN PURE WOOL SWEATER SHIRT
SMALL - MED LG - EXT LG
EGG WHITE CATMEHL GREY NAVY
18.50

DIAMANTE
16 EAST 55 NY

MAIL ORDERS FILED PLAZA 31200



Real Leather High Heels

Appearance, beauty, comfort, right? You'll be delighted with these luxuriously soft, genuine leather shoes. They're made with genuine leather, perfect for your wardrobe. Available in black, white, and tan.

Women's whole shoes 7 to 12 \$79.95 each
Men's whole shoes 8 to 12 \$89.95 each

Catalog on Request

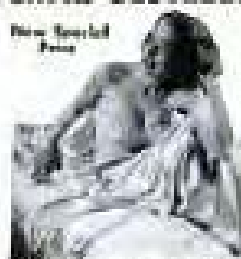


Johnny Appleseed's

Box 880, Beverly, Mass.

SATIN BEDSHEETS & CASES!

New Special Price



TO CELEBRATE our 25th Anniversary, 1964, we offer you the lowest pricing on our famous Satin Bedsheets and Pillow Cases. Choice of colors. Choice of sizes. Choice of thread count. Choice of patterns. Choice of styles. Choice of colors. Choice of sizes. Choice of thread count. Choice of patterns. Choice of styles.

100% Cotton, 100% Satin

Full Bed, 2 sheets, 2 cases \$49.95 (reg. \$79.95)
King Bed, 2 sheets, 2 cases \$59.95 (reg. \$89.95)
Twin Bed, 2 sheets, 2 cases \$29.95 (reg. \$49.95)
Child Bed, 2 sheets, 2 cases \$19.95 (reg. \$29.95)

SCIRTILLA, 518 N. Wacker Ave., P.O. Chicago 40, Ill.

GIVES You \$100.00 a Year



Our International Club is a unique feature. You'll receive a \$100.00 gift certificate each year. You'll also receive a \$100.00 gift certificate each year. You'll also receive a \$100.00 gift certificate each year.

New Catalog of 3000 Novelties



Send 10¢ for complete catalog of novelties. Includes: pens, pencils, notebooks, calculators, etc.

McGraw-Hill, 1221 Ave. of the Americas, New York, N.Y.



FOR TALL MEN ONLY!
SHIRTS
WITH YOUR EXACT
LONG SLEEVE LENGTH

PERFECT FIT in your long torso. These shirts fit 100% tall men with long arms. They're made with long sleeves and long collars. They're made with long sleeves and long collars. They're made with long sleeves and long collars.

NO FREE CATALOG! Please, use \$2.00 to receive a catalog of shirts. This is the only way to receive a catalog of shirts. This is the only way to receive a catalog of shirts.

300 Broadway, **LONG-LEE**, New York, N.Y.

huffed by these magical gadgets, which constantly get out of a rack, and that's about the extent of the story line. Individual vignettes — like Tuiot's trying to make an asymmetrical tree symmetrical — are jewels of humor. This poetry is almost all Tuiot's be awesome (with Jacques Legrange), directed and produced, and also wanders around clenching an unlit pipe and wearing a mighty shirt ransomed. He's assisted by Jean-Pierre Zola and Adrienne Sarcinot as the wealthy owners of all the noisy restaurant gimmickery. Don't come to the middle, or you'll lose 80 percent of the humor, which builds, builds, builds.

THEATRE

If there is anything very original left to add to the case study of that wretched theatrical stand-by, the wheeler with a golden heart, Paul D'Orban (don't get around to saying it in his dramatization of Richard Mason's best-seller, *The World of Sam Woop*). This is the occasionally touching story of a Chinese girl who was dead at the age of 13 and who temporarily got out as a part-time resident of a Hong Kong haunted house as the Nam Kok Hotel. Because Marie's soul is pure, her heart is never in her work. She falls in love with a high-minded and innocent young painter, but she continues to be drawn on the job nevertheless. The idea of expiating a previous sin gives the young man pause throughout the play, until the very end when he says the hell with it and takes his beloved in his arms. France Norton as Marie is a incidental egg roll indeed, and a heart and shoulders above her stereotyped role. William Stamer is her Canadian lover, and Ren Randall and Sarah Marshall as a couple of Occidental houndsters, perform comically against odds which assume as the play progresses. More than any other factor, it is the lush, exotic production that has made *Suite* a success. Jo Mielzner has designed the show's flamboyant sets, and director-producer Joshua Logan charges his stage with a race of giggling girls, sky Orientals and hair-dress-salons on their leave. Maybe the play isn't the thing, after all. At the Broadway Theatre, 235 West 43rd Street, N.Y.C.

Playwright Harry Kaminell, in *One More With Feeling*, gives the back of his hand and the best of his wit to the fringe folk and professionals in the world of highbrow music. His hero — played by Joseph Cassin as if he were happier in Hollywood — is a longhair conductor who shatters an average of six batons and one holder per rehearsal, generally over the head of the first violinist. As the curtain goes up, these

IN CHICAGO SOONER OR LATER EVERYBODY SHOWS UP AT ART ADLER'S

TRADE WINDS

EXCELLENT FOOD

FINEST LIQUEURS

OPEN 5 P.M. to 6 A.M.

867 NORTH RUSH STREET, CHICAGO

FUN IN MEXICO

RETIRE-VACATION ON \$150 A MONTH

or live in a great area, 243 days of rest a year for only \$150. Or vacation for only \$150. Or live in a great area, 243 days of rest a year for only \$150. Or vacation for only \$150. Or live in a great area, 243 days of rest a year for only \$150. Or vacation for only \$150.

black orchid

jan. 16 thru feb. 2 ...

• lili st. cyr

chicago, ill.
rush & ontario NO 4-6666

The Living Room

ENTERTAINMENT CLUB

Continuous Entertainment
Nightly, Cocktails & Supper

315 2nd Ave. at 41st St., N.Y.C. • EL 5-2862

4 PELLEGRINI PARADES ON NEW YORK'S EAST SIDE

Luoy 400

luncheon
cocktails
dinner
supper

400 EAST 57th ST. • N. Y. C. • EL 6-6656

HANDWRITING ANALYZE

The new fun hobby, based in science and based on your hands. Learn to read quality of character. Send today for free information. No obligation.

INTERNATIONAL GRAPHIC ANALYSIS SOCIETY, INC.
Box 80, Springfield, Missouri

**CLASSIC ROAST BEEF,
STEAKS AND CHOPS**

Dinner from 6 PM

Cocktails from 4 PM • Supper

**WOODY HERMAN
QUINTET**

TYRRE GLENN Quartet

**THE
Roundtable**

No 20% Entertainment Tax • Member Diners' Club
151 EAST 50th ST., N.Y.C. • PL 8-0310

scotch mist



... CHARTERED NOW
this
side of Astor

COACH HOUSE
616 NO. WABASH
CHICAGO

New York's Most Exciting Nite Club

**THE
Den**

in the Duane

237 MADISON AVE.
NEW YORK 16, N.Y.

RESERVATIONS: OR 9-7849

LIBORIO
Superb Cuban & Spanish Epicurean
Delights
Lunch • Dinner • Supper
ENTERTAINMENT NIGHTLY

Frankie & Oscar's Catering, Banquet Facilities
EDUARDO ALEN, General • Member Diners' Club
884 8th AVENUE (52-53 St.) • CO 5-9752

Luigi's
LUIGI'S DOMESTIC CUISINE • CREAM BROILED STEAKS

432 5th Ave
Tel: 212 • 1099 5th
OP 3-1029

temperamental tizzies have done the conductor out of all future bookings in important cities — with the exception of Chicago, where the symphony directors will give him another chance, provided his estranged wife comes along to keep his cholera down. Estranged wife says OK, but for reasons of her own: the two of them had lived in sin for 15 years, and now she wants to marry the maestro to she can get a divorce and then marry a posh college president. The plot is predictable from the beginning; but Kurmit's dialog is as glib and punchy as any being written for the theatre today. Except for a lull when love sneaks in, he clocks a guffaw every 60 seconds. Arlene Francis, in the music master's sinner hall, handles her share of the mities with charm and aplomb, even when making a brief appearance at the wrong moment in the top half of Cotten's potpourri. But the way things turn out, the cream of the quips goes to Walter Matthau who, as the conductor's frazzled manager, manages to take the play away from the maws. See it. At the National, 41st St. west of 7th Ave., NYC.

In *The Pleasure of His Company*, Cyril Ritchard — an actor doubling as director — overcomes the initial handicap that is automatically imposed on any stage character who is described as devastatingly charming as a build-up to his entrance. "Go ahead and be devastatingly charming!" growl the skeptics in the audience. Ritchard comes on and is. He's Biddleford "Pogo" Peobe, the international yachtsman and biggame hunter who returns to San Francisco after an absence of 15 years to attend his daughter's wedding. Pogo's daughter, Dolores Hart, is girlishly aging at her father's advertised charm, his ability to order a six-course dinner in French, and his Technicolor tales about faraway places; but Cornelia Otis Skinner, as his former wife, and Walter Abel, as her second husband, take his vaunted charm with a grain of salt and 10 grains of aspirin. Pogo in turn develops a desire to have his daughter provide charming solace for his fading middle years. Instead of admitting that he is lonely, he rationalizes that the girl is too young to settle down forever with George Peppard, the steady young number of her choice. He offers her a year in Paris, the Riviera and the enchanted isles of Greece and, in the curtain falls, father and daughter are heading East to the sunrise. This is a thin and tricky story that could be a dubious soap opera in the wrong hands. But Samuel Taylor and Cornelia Otis Skinner have written dialog that is consistently urbane and amusing, and the over-all performance is first rate. *Pleasure*, in short, is a pleasure. At the Longacre, 220 West 48th Street, NYC.

**Jonah
JONES
QUARTET
EUGENE SMITH
TRIO**

FAMOUS FOR
ROAST BEEF • STEAKS • BARBECUED RIBS
EMBERS
DINNER from 5:30 PM • OPEN TO 4 AM
161 E. 54th • NYC • PL 9-3228

1908 — 1988
MOSKOWITZ & LUPOWITZ
RESTAURANT 2ND AVE. AT
2ND ST., N.Y.C.
Celebrating the Palace
of distinguished PLAYBOYS for the
PAST 80 YEARS
→ HUNGARIAN CUISINE ←
Member, American Express, Diners' Club Tel. DR 4-8883

RSVP **MABEL
MERCER**
ABSURD, CHIC, REASONABLE
PRICES—COCKTAILS from 5 to 8 P.M.
145 EAST 55th ST. • EL 5-0250

Le Cupidon
One of N.Y.'s Foremost Restaurants
COCKTAILS • DINNER
After Theatre Supper
Entertainment and Dancing Venue
40 E. 58 ST. • PL 5-4842

dixieland
Cafe **AT THE
metropole**
7th Avenue at 40th St. CI 5-0088

Original **Vesuvio** **FINE ITALIAN CUISINE**
A fine menu from your favorite
from 12 noon • Room, Diner's Club
CI 5-8120
PASTRY
your
host
163 W. 48 ST.

Lee Konitz Quartet
**JAZZ ON THE
WATERFRONT**
at The HALF NOTE 200 HALEY ST.
NEW YORK
New Year's Eve Reservations At 5-9752

Erico & Paglieri
LUNCHEON-DINNER
FINE WINES and LIQUORS
Estate Wines • Party Facilities
Dining Parking Facilities
EST. 1988
84 WEST 18 ST
AL 4-8338

PLAYBOY READER SERVICE

Janet Pilgrim can tell you where you can buy any of the interesting items you see featured or advertised in **PLAYBOY**. Use the Index of Advertisers and coupon below.

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

ADVERTISER	PAGE
Andrade	89
Benson's Ivy Soap	32
Al Bross	49
Carver Cravins	14
Columbia LP Record Club	3
Diners' Club	13
Finley	17
Health Hi-Fi Kits	71
<input type="checkbox"/> Jensen Hi-Fi Speaker Systems	4
<input type="checkbox"/> London Records	3rd C
Park-Road	71
RCA Victor Popular Album Club	7
Saint Louis Trading Co.	72
Shaw-White and Associates	72
<input type="checkbox"/> Starcraft Bambi	6
Stephens' Hair Lotions	11
<input type="checkbox"/> Stereo-Fidelity Records	72
Universal-International Pictures	8
Walker's Scotch Whisky	10

Check boxes above for information regarding advertising. Use those boxes for information about other standard advertising.

Your Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____

PLAYBOY READER SERVICE
 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Ill.

SEND
PLAYBOY
 EVERY
 MONTH



TO:
 name _____
 address _____
 city _____ state _____

Check one: 3 yrs. for \$16
 2 yrs. for \$11
 1 yr. for \$6

Mail to **PLAYBOY**
 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois
 016

PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

If you like to be first in things, pack your skin-diving gear—there's none for hire there—and try the submarine canyons of the evocatively beautiful Yugoslavian coast around Split, Dubrovnik, Rab and Opatitja. There's no more beautiful stretch of coast anywhere. What's more, the food's tops and just a little inland you can have a schuss or two on the slopes of Mount Plarina.

Although you can fly directly to Dubrovnik, we suggest you cruise this stunning coast from Venice. One advantage of this is that you can stop off wherever and whenever you wish and pick up a later ship to Piraeus and the golden glow of Greece (it's an 11-day round trip and \$139).

There's still snow 20 feet deep scattered on the mountains of the Canadian Rockies. Mount Norquay, just five short miles from Banff, has a chair lift to the top of a 7000-foot slope that's been the scene of many a championship contest. There's an Olympic standard ski jump and a junior jump. Then for after-ski relaxing you'll find a mineral water pool at Upper Hot Springs in the Banff National Park. All the usual ski-fodge licks are there and nifty resort accommodations that run from \$5.50 single to \$17 a day double, plus meals.

Closer to home, spring skiing at Aspen, Colorado (see **PLAYBOY**, November 1958) is super-family-keen, with corn snow, brilliant sun, lots of off-the-snow fun. Center of social and gustatory life is the splendid, manero, but delightfully Victorian Hotel Jerome, the hostelry which

spectacled the growth of Aspen from mining town to year-round resort. Special spring rates are available, American or European plan.

If you're hankering after some early sun, go to New Orleans in March. You'll find the better restaurants unhurried and unharried by the frenetic crowds of carnival time. Try the Oyster Rockefeller at Galatoire's, the lavish breakfast at Brennan's, the Crab Remick of the Pontchartrain hotel, then go strolling through the French quarter. It's only the peripatetic visitor who can be sure of savoring the French colonial atmosphere at its fullest. A three-day stay will give you time to tour the Bourbon Street jazz spots and the midnight snack houses in the heart of the French Market.

If you're appropriately heeled and can spare the time, we feel we must point out what is possibly the best round the world tour going—a 100-day junket, rather self-consciously billed "for the select traveler," the selection presumably being made by the price: just under \$6900. Before you decide against it, however, let us point out that the trip goes to 66 key places in 19 countries. In effect, it covers some of the world's least-known wonders in real comfort: such John Sack type places as Angkor and Kamandu, the Khyber Pass and Islam, Mosul and Babylon and the Kingdom of Swat.

For further information on any of the above, write to **Playboy Reader Service**, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Illinois.



NEXT MONTH:

THE 1959 PLAYBOY JAZZ ALL-STARS—WINNERS OF THE THIRD ANNUAL READERS' POLL PLUS **THE ALL-STARS' ALL-STARS** CHOSEN BY THE MUSICIANS THEMSELVES

LENNY BRUCE—A SICK COMIC MILKS THE SACRED COWS

THE BUTTNDOWN BOYS RETURN IN MORE MAD-AVE MADCAPPERY

JERRY YULSMAN OF "HISTORY REVISITED" PHOTOGRAPHS GIRLS IN THEIR LAIRS



You wouldn't cover one ear at a concert

At a concert or at home, you want to hear music in its true perspective. With ordinary monaural recordings, you might as well be listening with one ear. But with stereo, you get the encompassing sound of all the instruments all in their right places. Yes, only stereo gives you the unbroken, undiluted audio-motion of live music . . . the very image of sound!

And remember . . . to get the most in listening enjoyment, insist on stereo by London. For London pioneered, perfected and now offers the finest produced-for-stereo recordings available.

From a cherished heritage that gave you *fff*—full frequency range recording, comes a new symbol of superiority, *ffss*—full frequency stereophonic sound. The symbol *ffss* stands not only for a great tradition but for perfection in stereo today!

These are some of the artists you can now hear on stereo by London: Mantovani, Renata Tebaldi, Mario Del Monaco, Ernest Ansermet, Ataulfo Argenta, Edmundo Ros, Ted Heath, Kirsten Flagstad, Wilhelm Backhaus, Josef Krips, Frank Chacksfield, Stanley Black and Rafael Kubelík. Now for the first time you can hear all these artists on stereo . . . stereo at its best . . . *ffss*.

Over 100 London Records. Request our new catalogue. WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE.

LONDON
RECORDS

ffss

full frequency
stereophonic sound

DEPT. FT - 539 WEST 25TH STREET, NEW YORK 1, NEW YORK



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?



A young man having the time of his life, the **PLAYBOY** reader really enjoys the quick pace, the fun and excitement of city living. Where others might be set in their ways, the **PLAYBOY** reader is ready to try a new idea, a new fashion, or a new style. Facts: According to the leading independent magazine survey, **PLAYBOY** is the only magazine with a major concentration of readership among the top-quality young urban male market. Although they're younger — the median age of the **PLAYBOY** reader is 28 — they have a higher household income than the readers of any other men's magazine. And **PLAYBOY** ranks highest of all men's magazines in consumer statistics for tobacco, beer, whiskey, wine, wearing apparel, photographic equipment, automobiles and radios. (Source: Consumer Magazine Report by Daniel Starch & Staff, August 1958.)